THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXVI. No. 906. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1948 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

REAL ISSUES IN GERMANY

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# MR. BEVIN AND THE ARABS

At long last the Security Council seems to be deciding, on the initiative of the U.S., to treat the Palestine war as a breach of the peace and to invoke all the penalties provided under the Charter against the Arabs if they refuse to accept the truce. When this action was first proposed during the Arab Legion's assault last May against Jerusalem, it was vigorously opposed by the British Government. But last Tuesday Sir Alexander Cadogan meekly accepted the American line. In so doing he tacitly admitted the complete bankruptcy of Mr. Bevin's Middle Eastern policy.

It is no wonder that the Arab office in London complains indignantly of British blackmail. For nearly three years Mr. Bevin has done everything, directly and indirectly, to assist the Arab League in preventing the creation of an independent Jewish State. First, as Mandatory, we sought, by a combination of persuasion and force, to drive the Jews into accepting the minority status which the Arab League told us was the sole condition for its friendship. When this failed, Mr. Bevin appealed to Uno, only to find that the Assembly decided against him. The next stage was a campaign to obstruct the Partition Commission and to swing the United States against the Jewish State. This manoeuvre was at first highly successful. The Commission, deprived of any real authority, failed to carry out the Partition and the American Administration, succumbing to Mr. Bevin's arguments, suddenly threw over the plan. Confidently the Arab armies prepared for the knockout blow. But in the last days of the Mandate, by a series of dramatic military victories, the Jews conquered the areas allotted to them; and, after May 15th, the Arab armies, which had been expected to enter Haifa within ten days, failed utterly to achieve this objective, despite British equipment, British training and the active participation of British staff officers.

It was at this point that American policy, which had veered utterly irresponsibly between the pro-Arab pole of the State Department and the pro-Jewish pole of the White House, became relatively steady. Mr. Marshall has always been anxious to leave the Middle East as a British responsibility and therefore to follow a British line on Palestine. But in view of our connivance at an armed attempt to frustrate a United Nations decision, he realised that this was no longer possible. Mr. Bevin was bluntly told that non-intervention on the Arab side must cease, even if this led to some embarrassment in Anglo-Arab relations.

It certainly will. Every Arab politician believes that in starting the war against Israel he was carrying out British policy, that in defying an "unjust" Uno decision he had British sympathy, and that he would continue to receive British assurance. Now, suddenly, Britain supports the threat of sanctions against the Arab League. Having first broken the solemn pledges of his Party to the Jews, Mr. Bevin must now forswear the commitments which his officials made to the Arabs. King Abdullah and King Ibn Saud may each for special reason receive satisfaction. But in Egypt and Iraq there will be the wildest xenophobia. Jew and Arab alike have good reason today to speak of perfidious Albion.

Yet the Security Council's decision was right and so was Britain's adherence to it. At long last, when everything else failed, we have been constrained by American pressure to uphold the United Nations.

Once it is unmistakably clear that no further British support is forthcoming, the Arab League is not likely to endure. Frustrated in the one aim which united it, it will be torn by internal dissension and some of its members threatened by revolution. The best hope in this perilous situation is to concentrate on a settlement satisfactory to our one satellite—Transjordan, and to Israel and Saudi Arabia, where American influence is predominant. If these three can be given a common interest in continued co-operation with the West, Britain and America may be able to prevent a general collapse of their position in the Middle East.

Something else also can be saved from the wreckage. The United Nations is grappling manfully with at least one threat to peace. That Britain should have been an accomplice in that threat is a sorry thing. But in the long run we shall gain more by the strengthening of the United Nations than we could ever have achieved if Mr. Bevin had successfully frustrated its decision.

### The Coal Board's Report

Immediate comment on the National Coal Board's Annual Report will doubtless be directed more to the "loss" of £23,000,000 than to the account of its struggles to get the industry into better shape. Yet it is clear that the "loss" is neither the Board's fault nor for the most part even a loss in any ordinary sense. The Board could easily have made a profit if it had been allowed to close unprofitable collieries and to charge the consumers what it pleased; and of its so-called "loss" of £23,000,000, £15,000,000 is on account of interest charges payable on capital. The operating loss was only about £6,000,000.

Some attempt is already being made to criticise the Minister for preventing the Board from raising coal prices high enough to yield an overall surplus; but surely it would have been most unwise to do this, and the Minister was entirely within his rights in vetoing it. Even if nationalised industries are to be managed by public boards, the last word in matters of high policy must rest with the Government, or nationalisation cannot fulfil its purpose of ensuring that industry shall be conducted in the general interest. We hope to offer next week more detailed comments of the Board's Report

### Togliatti

In the present explosive situation in Italy the attempt to murder Togliatti, the popular Communist leader, is bound to have wide repercussions. Strikes and demonstrations may seem irrelevant forms of protest against what is so far said to have been the murderous attempt of a single

individual. Nevertheless, they are an ominous expression of the mood of the Italian workers, who know well enough that, whether this would-be murderer was a private individual or not, incitements to murder have been constantly coming from the Fascist and neo-Fascists. This is not an isolated incident, but one of a series of outrages. Signor de Gasperi owes his power to American aid; no aid will keep him in office unless he is both ready and able to deal with the recrudescence of Fascism in Italy.

### The Fonctionnaires on Strike

The strikes of civil servants in France, called originally by Trade Unions associated with the *Force Ouvrière*, have been spreading this week, and the Unions controlled by the Communist-dominated C.G.T. have begun to join in. This is another awkward hurdle for the Government; for the *fonctionnaires* have very real grievances. The promised price reductions have not been made, and the purchasing power of salaries for the most part already low has been further impaired. The Socialists, at their Congress last week, decided reluctantly to remain in the Government as the lesser evil; but they cannot afford to be deaf to the appeals of the salary-earning classes, who are now its principal supporters. Nor can the M.R.P., which, too, has a considerable following among the black-coats, afford to offend its supporters. As against this M. Mayer and the Radicals, on whom the Government's tenuous majority depends, are set on refusing any concessions which might finally wreck the attempt to check inflation. The answer no doubt ought to lie in more effective control of prices, particularly of necessary foods. But can a weak Government possibly achieve this, in face of massive resistance from peasants and traders alike? Concessions to the *fonctionnaires* look unavoidable; and it may turn out that once again the Government will scrape through with a bare majority in favour of them because so many waverers shrink back from the chaos that its fall would bring about.

### Food Subsidies and Bread

Mr. Strachey seems to have surprised the House of Commons by his statement that the food subsidies are now running at an annual rate of £470 millions; but it is really surprising that the total is not bigger still, in view of the sharp increases in prices under the terms of recent agreements with non-dollar suppliers, as well as of the continued rise in the American price level. Mr. Strachey was, however, able to say that wheat prices were already coming down, and that there seemed to be reasonable hope of a more general revival of the trend of food prices before the end of the year—at any rate, if all went well with the harvests. In dealing with the East African groundnuts scheme, he admitted that the costs and difficulties were turning out much greater than had been anticipated; but he contended that even at the higher cost the scheme remained economically sound, in relation to the prospective prices of supplies from other sources. On bread rationing he said no more than that he was eager to end it as soon as possible—thus disappointing those who had been hoping for a definite announcement. He was also anxious, he said, to reduce the extraction rate, but the cessation of rationing must come first. The Tories demanded both at once, quarrelled with the amount of the subsidies without considering the effects of reducing them, and grumbled about the shortage of maize and barley—which is certainly not the Government's fault. Altogether, Mr. Strachey and Dr. Summerskill had much the best of it, though nobody really knows whether world prices will fall before the year is out.

### Capital Punishment

Any compromise between outright and partial abolition of the death sentence was bound to lead to anomalies. Everything that Lord Simon says about the illogicalities of the new clause is perfectly justified. Why is it worse to kill a householder in the course of a burglary than to strangle a small boy? What is this fine distinction between poison administered once, possibly after months of careful forethought about the appropriate moment for giving the single dose, and poison systematically administered? But the objections are irrelevant. Any distinction designed to satisfy the public must be illogical, though savagery and pre-meditation may be taken as rough tests of the "worst" murders. To gain a part of their point, the abolitionists are obliged to let some of it go, and, if the clause finally goes through, they will have succeeded in making a deep inroad into the proposition that murders of all types should invariably invoke the death sentence. It seems to be forgotten also that the Home Secretary still has a reprieving power which he can exercise even on behalf of criminals who have committed one of the murders specified in the new amendment. A wise use of that power would do much to iron out the apparent anomalies. In any case, as the Archbishop of Canterbury pointed out in the House of Lords, there can never be a return to the previous *status quo*. Whatever the fate of the new clause, all future Home Secretaries will from now on extend the use of the reprieve more and more, until, as Lord Samuel suggested, executions will almost entirely cease.

### A Judicial Error

Lord Goddard, advocating the retention of capital punishment in the House of Lords, declared that all his judicial colleagues were of his opinion. He afterwards apologised and retracted this statement. Two judges had told him that they were against capital punishment. He had apparently forgotten to canvass the judges before making the sweeping statement to support his case. This surely very serious error made by a high authority received the very minimum of newspaper publicity. We recall by way of contrast that in the House of Commons Mr. Paget's mistake in thinking that Sir Alexander Paterson had been converted to the abolition of the death penalty before his death was given headlines throughout the Press as if it had been a really serious and scandalous misstatement which destroyed the validity of any of Mr. Paget's more cogent arguments!

### The Muddle Will Not Last

The new Social Security scheme has now come into force to the accompaniment of loud pæans of praise on the one hand and equally loud vaticinations on the other about the dreadful muddle there is going to be. Of course there will be a muddle. There would have been one, even if everyone had been as helpful as possible—from the doctors to the general public; for a good many parts of the new Health Service could not, with the best will in the world, have been got into decent working order all at once, even if there had been no shortages of doctors, dentists, nurses, hospitals, equipment, and nearly everything else that is needed. The muddle is, of course, bound to be a lot worse than it need have been because of the doctor's prolonged resistance. The muddle will last for a time; but Mr. Bevan is right that before long most of it will get straightened out, and all the fuss about it will be forgotten, though, of course, the defects in the service which arise out of real shortages will inevitably take a long time to put right. In particular, we may whistle for Health Centres for some years; and until we get them the new service will be a good deal too like the old panel system to suit the middle-class minority that has been used to having the doctor call. But most of the population never have been used to that, except when they were abed; and we must weigh in the balance against middle-class complaints the much more important fact that wives and children, as well as wage-earners are now assured of regular doctoring and that specialist and hospital services are at least well on the way to becoming freely available to all who need them.

### B.B.C. Policy

The letter which appears in this issue from Mr. Palme Dutt, the leading exponent of Communist doctrine in England, is an interesting commentary on Sir William Haley's recent pamphlet on *The Responsibilities of Broadcasting*. The Director-General of the B.B.C. is a sincere Liberal. His maxim is that "in general terms broadcasting has the responsibility to be impartial on all subjects on which there is not common consent." Impartiality, that is to say, not in the sense of avoiding opinions, but of allowing different opinions to be stated so that the listener may have a chance to make up his own mind. Sir William is able to show that this rule is really applied over quite a large field, including that of party politics. Recently there have even been controversial broadcasts about religion, on which the B.B.C. for so long maintained the preposterous assumption of "common consent." This theory will work as long as peaceful democracy lasts. Gradually, as public opinion changes, the orbit of "consent" and therefore the balance of the B.B.C. opinion changes with it. As people cease to believe in the existing order, the number of broadcasts which simply assume Socialism instead of taking capitalism for granted, must increase. The role of the B.B.C. is therefore to aid social change by stimulating thought. In time we might become as reasonable and educated as the Scandinavians. But all that is on the assumption of a world in which reason plays an increasing part. Where we touch the burning topics, the theory already breaks down. It is true that the B.B.C. has put on its Third Programme a series which tried to give some picture of Russia and some account of the Soviet point of view. But Mr. Palme Dutt is obviously right that the B.B.C. does not treat the Soviet case "impartially." Some B.B.C. commentators, dealing with the Berlin situation, have at least tried to summarise the Soviet as well as the Western case. But the growing tension was clearly illustrated by one recent broadcaster on the Home Service who, instead of attempting to give an objective account of the Berlin situation, simply talked as if we were already at war with Russia.

### Cricket Centenary

1848, the year of revolutions, was also the year in which W. G. Grace was born. More Englishmen are interested in this portentous event than in the *Communist Manifesto*. When Grace came to cricket, it was only a mildly popular game played for amusement, though, like cards, often for high stakes as well. By the time he had finished with it, cricket was an Empire binder and a grim, serious matter. A hundred years after his birth a record attendance of 133,000 watched the Test Match at Old Trafford. Even on the fourth day of absolute rain, 20,000 came into the ground, and there were never less than 10,000 sitting doggedly, patiently through the downpour. Grace put cricket on the map, first by being inordinately good at it, and secondly by never growing up. If he had been a better "sports man," cricket would have remained a pastime. Instead his tempers, his concentration, his overwhelming delight at winning and his vexation at losing, invested the cricket field with a new atmosphere. His unpredictable antics drew crowds to the scenes of his performances. An art and a science were developed and once created they stayed and spread their influence. To-day Indian boys practise on arid patches, and East End boys chalk three stumps on a wall. Grace's superb lack of inhibitions, which might have persuaded the British that here was one legitimate sphere in which they could throw off their reserve and behave unashamedly as relentless schoolboys has been conveniently forgotten. Now the bad-tempered old gentleman is held up to schoolboys as a model. No rebuke is so severe as the charge of not playing cricket.

## PARLIAMENT: Getting the Points

*Wednesday*

"What about plum jam?" shouted De la Bère. Edith Summerskill continued imperturbably with her summing-up of the food debate. She spoke of bread; she spoke of snoek; she spoke of pigs; she spoke of chickens; but never of plum jam. And it was nearly three minutes to ten.

De la Bère was restless. A most regular attendant at Question Time, where his explosives are a feature for visitors like the Speaker's procession, he rarely appears in the evening to reinforce his case. This was an exception. He wanted the Government to give the people more jam. And there was Edith Summerskill talking about bread, when what he wanted was jam! jam!! jam!!! In the last minute of the debate, Dr. Summerskill put him out of his misery. She said she would make a statement—some other time.

During this debate, Dr. Summerskill confirmed her position, not only as one of the best informed Parliamentary Secretaries, but also as one of Labour's best parliamentarians. Neither the elaborate discourtesy of some Tory back-benchers, nor Crookshank's garrulous soliloquies could interfere with her calm presentation.

Like most previous food debates, this one provoked the usual unhelpful gibing by the Opposition. Has Strachey been provident in buying potatoes against the threat of shortage? The Tories will call him wasteful because the shortage hasn't developed. Did he plunge into the ground-nuts scheme with enthusiasm and vigour? The Tories will call him improvident. Their spokesmen, Reid and Turton, had just the right measure of hopeful gloom that the Tory interpretation required.

Strachey had no difficulty in giving a satisfactory account of his management. Woolton, before him, as Royle pointed out in one of the day's best speeches, had enjoyed much of the credit due to Lend-Lease, the Merchant Navy and the good morale of a united people at war. Strachey had a hundred problems of world shortages, financial restrictions and a hostile Opposition, urging the public to discontent and enfeebling morale.

For the most part, the Tories concentrated on matters of detail. It was left to Clement Davies to enlarge the debate's perspective, and deal with the Food and Agricultural Organisation's report. He stirred the House from its concern about the sweet ration into realising for a few moments that the world's population is outstripping the world's present means of sustaining it.

The last time Skeffington raised patent medicines on the Adjournment, he was "counted out," there being less than forty members present. This time, he was making the allegation that a 6oz. tin of Fynnon's Salt made by the Maclean Group costs 4½d. but is sold for 2s., when the Deputy-Speaker called him to order. The remedy for this, he said, would involve legislation, and legislation may not be discussed on the Adjournment.

Though Skeffington was supported by the respectful protests of several members, the Deputy-Speaker could not be moved from his ruling; indeed he reinforced it by stopping Fraser, a director of one of the proprietary medicine companies, who was claiming in justification of the high prices, that the advertisement of these medicines is, in many cases, a substitute for a doctor's advice. The debate was inconclusive, but it showed the need for further enquiry into the costs of patent medicines, in the teeth of the pill-swallowers as well as the pill-makers.

The Lords, meanwhile, were busily defeating the Government on the Committee Stage of the Gas Bill. Now that they regard themselves as the defenders of popular rights against an oppressive Government, the Tory Peers have been committing themselves to the most radical principles—even to the extent of advocating workers' representation in certain gas undertakings. Lord Rennell moved a clause to give consumers freedom to choose their source of fuel or power. Lord Lucas, the newly appointed Lord-in-Waiting, in a maiden front-bench speech, rejected the clause on behalf of the Government. The Noble Lords seemed unconvinced by his reply, and showed by their vote that they thought it a *Lucas a non lucendo*.

MAURICE EDELMAN

# REAL ISSUES IN GERMANY

POLITICIANS in both Britain and America are still summoning us to "remember Munich" and to brace ourselves to face war if it is the only alternative to surrender. But the public is not so easily persuaded to recapture the mood of 1938. The results of one war, only ended three years ago, have not been so good that we are ready for another, far more terrible and even less likely "to save the world for democracy." In part public reluctance to think in these military terms is due to a refusal to regard Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany as the same, to confuse a new with an old problem, or to see much analogy between a dispute about the control of the capital of defeated Germany and the decision whether or not to stand by the Czechoslovak democracy.

There is, however, a deeper cause for the mood of fatalism so prevalent to-day. In Britain at least we all know that if it came to an armed conflict this summer, the war would be waged by two non-European Powers over a prostrate Europe, and the first stage of it would be the overrunning by the Red Army not only of Berlin, but of Germany and most of Western Europe. The man in the street has made up his mind that in these circumstances the talk of war must be bluff and that somehow things will settle themselves. On this point we hope that he is right. There could only be a war if both sides were simultaneously guilty of the greatest diplomatic incompetence.

But this is not to say that it will be easy to find a way out of the deadlock. The German impasse, of which Berlin is only the focal propaganda point selected by both sides, is the result of a real conflict of interest. In the course of three years this basic conflict has been overlaid by such a complex of secondary differences that the original cause of dispute has almost been forgotten. It may be useful to remind ourselves of it before we decide on our policy in Berlin.

To do so, we must go back beyond Potsdam and recall the conditions of 1943 and 1944. At this time Anglo-American policy was mainly concerned about two things. The first was the immediate problem of keeping Russia in the war and preventing a separate peace between Berlin and Moscow. Rightly or wrongly—probably wrongly—Churchill and Roosevelt were obsessed by the fear of a German-Russian peace. At Teheran and Yalta they were ready to make large concessions in order to keep Stalin sweet and to obtain his assistance in what was expected to be a long and arduous campaign against Japan. In retrospect these concessions seem somewhat excessive.

The second problem was how to prevent a revival of German militarism. In the mood engendered by the present East-West struggle, Germans, in particular Berliners, have been credited with qualities of Christian civilisation and democratic courage which we did not attribute to them three years ago. It is worth recalling that at Quebec Churchill and Roosevelt accepted the Morgenthau plan. At this time the threat to German economy resulting from gigantic reparations in kind, such as Russia demanded, seemed to be less acute than that of another German attempt to conquer the world. Russian harshness in plundering Germany, instead of separating Washington from the Kremlin, brought them closer together. British politicians of all parties were arguing that the Russian method of manhandling Germans was the right one, and they welcomed General Eisenhower's decision to stand on the Elbe when he could easily have taken Berlin, partly because they believed that the Russians would do the job which we might be too squeamish to perform. Undoubtedly this mood was still dominant at the time of Potsdam. Mr. Attlee was ready to give the Eastern Bloc the benefit of the doubt, to disregard the warnings of General Smuts and to tolerate the excesses of the Czechs and Poles in the expulsion of millions of Germans from their homes. This was not because the Russians, in 1945, were any different from the Russians in 1948, but because Britain and America still felt that the German menace could only be countered by conceding the substance of the Russian point of view in the settlement of the German problem.

Throughout the war and the immediate post-war period we constantly in these columns warned the British public against the dangers of exuberant Vansittartism and predicted that it would be followed by a violent swing in the direction of sentimental pro-Germanism. When Britain saw that a Morgenthau Plan would create a German vacuum which could only be filled by Communism, we should swing into an equally excessive pro-Germanism. This prediction has been exactly fulfilled. Whereas the peoples of Europe, both in the East and the West, have not changed their minds about the German menace, American policy—and to a lesser extent British—is beginning to treat Germany as a potential ally against Communism. To-day official circles in Washington and London regard as "unhelpful" anyone who, when he hears about the heroic Berliners, still recalls the gas chambers of Auschwitz. The result of this sort of pro-Germanism is not only to make any settlement with Russia vastly more difficult, but to undermine the basis of Western Union, since the French no less than the Eastern Europeans still remember that exactly the same thing happened after the First World War.

Irresponsible pro-Germanism is not the only count in the charge against British and American policy. Almost equally important has been the abject failure to carry out in Bizonia the social reforms without which there can be no hope for a pacific German democracy. Despite half-hearted attempts at denazification, Western Germany to-day retains the social structure of 1939. The heavy industries have been neither nationalised nor internationalised, and land reform has been endlessly postponed. As a result neo-Fascist forces, always strong below the surface, are being encouraged to emerge openly and the position of the S.P.D. and the progressive forces in the C.D.U. has deteriorated. When this negative attitude to social reform is combined with a pro-Germanism which sees the reconstruction of the Ruhr as the most important part of the Marshall Plan, and constantly re-asserts that the Oder-Neisse boundary is not definitive, it is difficult for the average European—let alone the Russian—to avoid the conclusion that, whatever its motives, the net result of Anglo-American policy will be to create a strong Germany able once again to seek its *Lebensraum* in the East. This is the real Russian case, against the Western Powers.

Our case against the Russians is equally strong. Ever since Potsdam their attitude in Germany has been blankly unco-operative. From the first the Kremlin decided to run the Eastern Zone unilaterally as a Russian show, and it has created there an authoritarian state run by the S.E.D. In the Foreign Ministers' endless discussions, Mr. Molotov's bland demand for unlimited reparations out of current production (which must really be paid for by Britain and America) effectively ruled out the chances of agreement. By using quadrilateral rule to prevent such essential changes as currency reform the Russians drove the Western Powers into a position where the formation of a Western German State was the only alternative to complete economic collapse; and when the Western Powers reluctantly—and despite strenuous French opposition—accepted the inevitability of a divided Germany, the Soviet Union rounded on them, accused them of tearing up Potsdam and began the blockade of Berlin. Our case against the Russians is that, if we are being forced to build up Germany against the Eastern bloc, they have only themselves to blame for driving us to these desperate remedies.

Once the two sides of the dispute are plainly stated, it is obvious that the Berlin issue cannot be decided in isolation. Despite a lamentable lack of foresight in failing to obtain any precise guarantee of their lines of communication, the Western Powers have a very strong legal case for stating

that they are in Berlin by right. But the Russians not unreasonably ask whether the introduction of the dollar-Mark and the constitution of a Western German Government at Frankfurt do not involve a unilateral repudiation of the quadrilateral rule which is the justification for the joint occupation of Berlin. If the Western Powers have decided to run Trizonia as a Western German State, is it not reasonable that the Eastern Zone, including Berlin, should be treated in the same way? The Western Powers must make up their minds. If they want to stay in Berlin, then they must be ready to discuss ways and means of creating a united Germany under a central Government. If they are determined to go ahead in creating a capital in Frankfurt, they must take the consequences in Berlin.

Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin have been trying to avoid this awkward dilemma. A year ago, before Berlin became an issue involving our prestige in the whole of Europe, we could have decided to make our withdrawal from it an act of protest against the Russian refusal to co-operate; and we could have deliberately built up Frankfurt as the "real" capital of Germany. Such a course would have been difficult but not impossible. But we did not adopt it. Instead, we attempted to have our cake and eat it, to stay in Berlin *and* to create a Western German State; and we have given the most solemn pledges to the Berliners that we shall protect and feed them. By this policy we have not only assumed an almost intolerable technical commitment—to feed a city 120 miles inside hostile territory—but we have faced the Russians with a most dangerous decision. By accepting both our presence in Berlin and the creation of a Western German State, they would admit to the whole world their surrender to *force majeure*. If we should lose face by leaving Berlin, the Russians would lose even more by letting us stay there while we make Frankfurt the capital of Western Germany. Both sides have blundered into a situation from which withdrawal seems to involve humiliation.

The Berlin crisis, however, has brought one benefit. It has shown unmistakeably that a Frankfurt Government in any real sense of the word is now impracticable. It might have been possible a few months ago. But to-day no German politician will accept it, because in present circumstances it would imply the acceptance of a divided Germany. By deciding to put everything into the struggle for Berlin, the Western Powers have sacrificed the substance of the Six-Power Agreement in London.

It is no doubt the realisation of this fact which has led so cautious a thinker as Walter Lippmann to argue at length for resuming the Foreign Ministers' Conference in yet another attempt to achieve an all-German peace settlement. Mr. Lippman was always an opponent of the Frankfurt Government and he obviously feels that the Berlin crisis has given us a golden opportunity for retreating from a false position. In the Warsaw communiqué, the Eastern bloc has repeated its proposal for an early withdrawal of all four Occupation Armies from Germany and the creation, under suitable safeguards, of a single German State. Mr. Lippman believes that these proposals shall be taken at their face value. We should at least discover whether there is any reality in them or not.

There is much to commend in Mr. Lippmann's line of thought. It would be intolerable for the Western Powers to be manoeuvred into a position where the Russians make constructive peace proposals, and we simply decline to discuss them. Even if a final settlement, including solutions of such awkward problems as control of the Ruhr, and of frontiers, is unlikely to result from a Foreign Ministers' Conference, at the least an interim arrangement might be achieved. It might be possible, for example, to agree that each side should run its Zone under an agreed Occupation Statute and through German directorates with similar powers. There is nothing to lose by resuming negotiations, and there is everything to lose by obstinately refusing to do so.

# UNSETTLED INDONESIA

LAST week's elections in Holland, fought about the future of Indonesia, have neither eased nor increased the tension between the Dutch and the Republicans. The Dutch Constitution requires the dissolution of both Chambers and a two-thirds majority in the new Parliament to endorse the formation of a Union composed of the Netherlands and the United States of Indonesia. Had the Dutch electors shown any marked swing to Right or Left they might have had some impact on the negotiations which the Three-Power Commission—the Committee of Good Offices, as it is called—has carried on in Indonesia since April. But Dr. Beel's party, the Catholic People's Party, has obtained a vote of confidence. On the Right, the splinter party, the Catholic Committee of Action formed to press for a tougher policy towards Indonesia, won only one seat. On the Left, the Communist Party, which is strongly opposed to the Government's policy, lost two out of its ten seats. If Dr. Beel consents to form another Government he may just scrape together the two-thirds majority necessary to assure the formation of the Union envisaged by the Linggadjati Agreement of March, 1947.

The Committee of Good Offices, set up by the Security Council last August, had to suspend negotiations a few weeks ago and was faced with a breakdown when the Australian and American members came forward with proposals for a general settlement. The Belgain member of the Committee of Three did not take part. These proposals suggest elections throughout Indonesia for a Constituent Assembly which would also act as a Provisional Parliament. Legally, the Netherlands and the United States of Indonesia would be "equal partners as sovereign independent States." The Dutch would hand over to the Provisional Government all powers of self- government, while the Republic would "transfer all attributes of sovereignty," such as foreign relations, foreign trade, and currency control and armed forces. The Lt.-Governor General would possess a power of veto over any acts of the Provisional Government which contravened the Charter of Uno or the Statute of the Netherlands and Indonesian Union and would be empowered to use armed forces after consulting with the Provisional Government.

When the Committee resumed its negotiations on June 23rd, the Republicans asked that these proposals should be put on the Agenda. The Dutch refused on the grounds that the Committee of Good Offices was a body of mediation, not of arbitration, and further, that its power must not be extended in any way that would be prejudicial to the continued sovereignty of the Netherlands-Indonesian Union. The Committee was therefore hamstrung again. Attention now is focused on the private, side-line talks between Dr. van Mook and Prime Minister Hatta, although Dr. Hatta stated at the beginning that there could be no new set of negotiations and no by-passing of the Republican Delegation and the Committee of Good Offices.

The Dutch fiercely resisted the American-Australian proposals, fearing that they would undermine their attempts to set up their own federal structure in Indonesia. Taking advantage of their military superiority and exploiting their growing usefulness to the Western Powers, they have been busy setting up separate States which might forestall any plebiscite or any election. West Java is one, Madura another, and a third is East Java. In West Java, three Conferences were manœuvred into forming a Provisional Government. This was the subject of a long Report to the Security Council, which showed that there had been no demand from the people for such Conferences, and that, indeed, there was no popular demand for a State of West Java. The Republicans maintain that the whole affair was contrary to the spirit of the Renville Agreement of January, 1948, and so did those members of the Security Council who were not angling for Dutch support on other matters. Madura, too, was the subject of a Report by the Three-Power Commission. Had the proceedings of the Security Council not been darkly overshadowed by the Palestine issue the world would have taken notice of the doubtful methods used by the Dutch in forming a separate State of Madura. In East Java, the Dutch Governor, Mr. van der Plas, attempted to repeat the performance in West Java, but failed to collect enough people together to form a Conference. So Dr. van Mook stepped in and used an "Emergency Ordinance" to declare the formation of the State of East Java. But the Dutch should have known long enough ago that they cannot buy loyalty by emergency ordinances, and in the middle of June, the Government in East Indonesia (which includes Celebes and the many Outer Islands) declared that it still acknowledges the Republic to be the leader in the struggle for the independence of the whole Indonesian nation. In March, after the exchange of goodwill missions, an Interim Government was installed in Batavia under the Chairmanship of Dr. van Mook. There is no Republican participation in this Government which the Dutch say is designed to act as a bridge until January 1st, 1949, when the United States of Indonesia is due to become a Sovereign State. The Republicans consider it as only a new form of the old Netherlands East Indies Government and contrary to Renville.

The situation drags on month by month. The Indonesians have made many compromises and their political and economic position has inevitably been weakened. Further, there is always the fear that Dutch troops might once more carry out "police action." The Indonesian Prime Minister, Dr. Hatta, recently made new proposals in an interview with the *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent. They are similar to the American-Australian proposals but add new ones. He suggested that the idea of plebiscites should be abandoned and elections held for an assembly to establish an interim government. During the interim period, the question of sovereignty, Dr. Hatta suggested, should be solved by an arrangement similar to that employed by Lord Wavell in India. The Republican Army should be reduced from 462,000 to 60,000 and placed under a joint command with a Dutch force. No further extension of the Republic's foreign relations should be made, but those that had been formed should be maintained as a contribution to the diplomatic service of the future United States of Indonesia. Dr. Hatta added that they still adhered to the target date of January 1st, 1949, for the establishment of the United States of Indonesia.

The Dutch Parliament, elected last week, does not materially alter the situation. If the Dutch persist in their attitude of obstruction, they may temporarily weaken the Republic, but they cannot destroy the movement, which, as President Soekarno told a large audience in Jocja a few weeks ago, was not made in Moscow or Tokio but in Indonesia. He concluded with the words of Jean Jaurès: "Imperialism is the greatest instigator."

The Dutch rely on Indonesian disintegration and the support of Powers which need their co-operation in the Western Union. The Indonesians, remembering Dutch weakness in the face of Hitler in 1940, and of the Japanese in 1942, consider Anglo-American policy short-sighted. The Dutch cannot hold back the hands of the nationalist clock indefinitely; within a few years this rich area of the world will almost certainly belong to the Indonesians. Dutch policy now—and this is determined in Washington and London as well as in the Hague—will decide whether the future Indonesia is to be friendly or hostile.


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# A LONDON DIARY

THE Berlin situation grows more dangerous every day. The danger seems to arise partly from the muddle in the minds of politicians, including the British and American Foreign Secretaries, who have failed to concert any considered policy, plunging on from one improvisation to another without considering what the next step is to be. The air-lift was a spectacular move which has the effect of diverting people's minds from the realities. It looks so fine that people forget that it is at best a short-term summer expedient and inadequate at that. Brigadier Head received no answer when he asked the fundamental question whether the next step is to convoy food into Berlin at the risk of war. That cannot be our intention since none of the preparations for war have been made. The next improvisation was the joint Notes which represented all the agreement that could be reached between France, Britain and America. Washington, busy with the the Presidential elections, has only a quarter of its attention for Germany, and is beginning to turn the tables with talk about British "war hysteria." In France, the Government is on the edge of collapse. In Britain Mr. Bevin still seems to believe that international politics can be settled like Trade Union disputes. Never have the politicians or public realised the gravity of moving by stages into a situation in which we are committed to an untenable position from which withdrawal involves very serious loss of face. Nor have we ever considered how difficult we are also making it for the Russians to withdraw. Supposing that the situation had been reversed. Supposing that the international capital had been in the British and not in the Russian Zone, that the Russians had then suddenly announced (no matter under what provocation!) that they were setting up an Eastern German Government with a currency reform which would undermine the economy within our Zone. What else could be expected in such circumstances except that we should demand that the Russians should withdraw from the international capital? The fact that Soviet methods of pressure are indefensible must not prevent us realising that negotiations on the whole of Germany are in our interests as well as theirs. Mr. Lippmann's arguments, discussed in our leading article, seem unanswerable. A formula for face-saving on both sides must be found so that serious discussions can begin.

* * *

I have not noticed in the British press any understanding of the reasons for the retirement of Thakin Nu, Prime Minister of Burma. Yet his farewell speech explained his action with the utmost candour. It confirms several conversations I have had with him on the subject, both in this country when he was here to negotiate the Burmese agreement with Mr. Attlee, and also in Rangoon in January when Burmese independence was declared. I used to tell him that Prime Ministers never resigned voluntarily, that when the six months' period of which he spoke was over, he would find his responsibilities were too great and the political situation too complex for retirement. He used to smile and say he knew it would be difficult but that he intended to keep his vow. And so he has. He is retiring from the premiership not only because of his vow and because as a man of letters he wants to write and, as he repeatedly said, "have time to think," but also because he feels that the most important political job in Burma cannot be done by the Prime Minister. Aung San's murder left him leader of A.F.P.F.L., the Resistance organisation which aided the British to clear the country of the Japanese and took it over after the war. If A.F.P.F.L. splits up, then Burma, as he explained in his farewell speech, might once again break up into a number of small States. If the Communists win amongst the P.V.O.s (who can best be described as Aung San's private army) and in A.F.P.F.L., then civil war will continue in Burma, the good relationship which the present Burmese Government has done its best to maintain with the British will be totally destroyed, and all hope of economic reconstruction will be lost. In office, Thakin Nu has done his best to maintain that unity of the Left which is essential for his country's future, and to keep his promises to the nation and to the British Government.

* * *

Twenty-five minutes of film is a short space in which to try to cram the activities and the significance of the Peckham Health Centre. Using actual members of the Centre, and not actors, Paul Rotha has made the best use of his few feet of film in his documentary *The Centre*. At least the life of the Centre, and some of the joy in that life, comes across, even if the compression in the story of one family's entrance into the community leads to a slight excess of idealisation. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about the film is how it came to be made. When the C.O.I. first conceived the idea, the Ministry of Health, as the Ministry presumably the most likely to be interested, was approached. They were not enthusiastic; indeed they were ready with a douche of cold water. Some possible explanations occur to me. The most probable one is that, being unable at present to provide Health Centres under the new health service scheme, the Ministry was reluctant to have attention drawn to an already flourishing Health Centre, and thought it better that too much emphasis should not be placed in the public mind on such Centres. Fortunately, the creators of the film refused to give up at this first obstacle. They hawked their idea round to the Foreign Office. There, its potentialities for propaganda abroad were seen and production was set in motion. So now, foreign audiences will see something of a great English experiment, and the British, for whom and on whom the work is conducted, will still have to rely on printed matter for their information. Mr. McNeil was present at the showing of the film at Peckham on Monday, but not Mr. Bevan.

* * *

A brood of dabchicks has recently hatched out in the lake in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. This is a fact I should not have known if I had not attended Their Majesties' Garden Party last week. Buckingham Palace has hitherto seemed to me like the moon—a familiar facade, the back side of which is an object of curiosity not likely to be satisfied. Architectural curiosity therefore took me to Buckingham Palace once I had learned that I need not wear a hat, and that a lounge suit would do. After all, the brown suit I bought off a peg in San Francisco in 1945, a few days before the end of the war with Germany, still looks quite respectable when carefully pressed. No one knows that anything put in the pockets promptly falls to the ground. I found a vast assembly. Most, but not all the men, had grey toppers and black morning coats. A thick mass of people crowded round the buffet. "Almost like a cafeteria," said one gentleman in immaculate morning dress. "A crowd never seems the same," I said, "if the person you jostle is a peer of the realm." And we moved out carrying ices, coffee and chocolate cake. The rest of the crowd were gathered in thick circles, I presume round Royal personages who were quite invisible to me, though I caught sight of the Duchess of Gloucester's smile. How interesting it would be to see her without a smile. I saw one man wearing a loud light-brown suit which made me feel very correct, and I had some conversation with a group of M.P.s and the members of the Burmese Embassy, who looked so much nicer than anybody else because their national costume is so naturally becoming. And then I wandered off round the grounds, and came upon a well-known civil servant watching the dabchicks in a costume suited for Buckingham Palace rather than bird-watching. I would have taken off my hat to his if I had had one. As usual, I found him more informative about birds than about economics, though he is an expert in both. The baby dabchicks were playing dive-as-dive-can, and I felt happy. My afternoon had not been wasted. I came away past a long line of incredible hats like pancakes balanced on threepenny bits. They were waiting vainly for the crowd to open and enable their wearers to say that they had seen the Queen. I was struck by the almost universal expression of boredom on the faces beneath. I emerged into the Mall, where the voice of the major-domo was heard through loudspeakers calling to the chauffeurs of Lord This and Lady That. Two negresses were walking up the Mall, both of them, for some unexplained reason, were roaring with laughter and finding life extremely enjoyable.

CRITIC

## V FOR VERMIN

LET us be plain and forthright,
Let us be frankly Shinwellian,
Let the bark be as bad as the bite—
What need to be Machiavellian?
Exchange of opprobrious terms
Removes every charge of hypocrisy,
As each party, with insults, affirms
That the other's a foe to democracy.

Invective goes back to an age
Less patient of courtesies fawning—
When Ministers rise in a rage
M.P. are less often seen yawning.
When political passions have rein
The language of Labour is cruder,
But, while not so outspoken and plain,
The Tories are, possibly, ruder.

There thunders Conservative Jove
With tirades censorious and ringing,
There, wooing the Socialist drove,
The gadfly is skilfully stinging;
As the warfare of words waxes hot,
The antagonists both show their mettle—
The kettle denounces the pot
While the pot's crying shame on the kettle.

Are there limits no Party should pass
In expression of mutual loathing
When one Party are snakes-in-the-grass,
And the other are wolves in sheep's clothing?
If spokesmen of Labour employ
Expressions of downright scurrility,
Can Conservatives show they enjoy
An excess of well-bred civility?

Do we revel in filthy abuse
Miltonic, Churchillian, Cromwellian,
And deplore its appropriate use
In the heat of a social rebellion?
Hard things that by Labour are said
Are matched by hard things from the Tories—
And both may in future be read
As to-day's oratorical glories.

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

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If "Sleepless," of York Road, instead of threatening to shoot his neighbours' cats would think back to courtship days, he would be more tolerant in his attitude towards these irritations.—*Evening Argus*. (J. C. C. Shipham.)

Police called to a disturbance in a restaurant found a labourer holding a muzzled Alsatian dog by the throat and biting it, it was stated at Cambuslang Police Court yesterday.—*Dundee Courier & Advertiser*. (G. Braid.)

"No Anglo-Saxon can keep his full 32 teeth without the mouth being overcrowded. Only foreigners can accommodate the full set."—Speech at the British Dental Association Conference at Liverpool yesterday.—*Reynolds News*. (L. Gann.)

"I'm afraid the audition is off," he said. "My landlord told me to-day that if I have anyone up to my room to listen to the mouse I shall have to pack up and go."—*Daily Herald*. (O. Chapman.)

Liskeard lost its own Member of Parliament in 1832, but Coke, the famous Lord Chief Justice, and Burke, who wrote the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, sat for the town before the Reform Act.—*Guide to Cornwall*, 1948. (M. E. Booker.)

## INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

Various Ministers have recently suggested that the key industries need a new human structure. As Mr. Shinwell said, "nationalisation is not Socialism": it becomes Socialism only when it is combined with responsible industrial democracy at every level. Yet how many members of the Government—and, for that matter, how many industrialists or administrators—appreciate just what this demand for a new human structure entails? Mr. Shinwell's phrase, "responsible industrial democracy," suggests that he is thinking primarily in political rather than in sociological terms. But few social scientists believe that simply to give the rank and file a "say" in the running of their own industry, however valuable in itself, will achieve the kind of transformation desired. It will not lead to the cessation of absenteeism and the vigorous prosecution of the industrial task; more, it will not lead to that broadening of life, that deepened human satisfaction which is the real end of Socialism.

Not that social scientists are armed with a cut-and-dried solution—indeed the real necessity is for intensive research into the bases of a cohesive and satisfying society. But certain principles are already firmly established. For instance, it is accepted that the human structure of the factory, like that of society at large, is (or should be) a series of small inter-related groups. Normally these groups form round some work-function; that is, they consist of work-teams. This has several practical implications. Thus the studies made during the war by Scott, Lombard and Mayo in certain American industries showed that the workers involved in persistent absenteeism, like those who changed their job repeatedly, were almost exclusively those who had failed to find membership in informal groups within the factory.

Not infrequently, a disgruntled employee about to leave would turn into the most loyal and energetic of men when transferred to a well-knit team. Hence a prime condition for the development of a sound human structure in industry is training those in charge to recognise such factors: managers must learn not to break up such teams in the course of technical reorganisation. (Almost certainly, the reorganisations which have followed nationalisation have increased, rather than lessened, this type of disorganisation.) Further, managers must go out of their way to form such teams and to assist new employees to find their niche in one. Technicians, too, must be prepared to rearrange work layouts which prevent the formation of such groups. That it favoured small groups was one of the advantages of the room-and-pillar system of coal-mining, advocated by the Reid Report.

All this implies a tremendous re-evaluation of the role of the foreman, since it is he who, when it comes to the point, must actually form and lead such teams. To-day many foremen are disgruntled and feel their status diminished because many of their technical functions have been taken from them—the arrangement of the work by the time-and-motion-study people, maintenance of quality by quality-control staff, hiring and firing by the personnel officers. In reality, the foreman is presented with the opportunity of attaining far higher status than ever before; but to do this he must become a supervisor of men rather than of machinery. He needs social rather than technical skills. Such skills cannot be bestowed simply by classroom instruction; they must be developed in practice. What handicaps many foremen is the narrowness of their lives. The first necessity is to give them broader knowledge of the factory, the industry, and, indeed, life as a whole.

Equally important is the larger group which we must build out of these small face-to-face groups. Many sociologists today maintain that the overall group into which the factory must be fitted is not the industry but the local community—as distinct from fitting the community to the factory, which has been the error of some well-intentioned paternalist experiments. At present, however, the individual worker's loyalties run chiefly to his union, thence to the other workers in the same industry, and finally to the "working classes" as a whole. Management (whether under private or public ownership) has a parallel organisation. As long as this dual pattern endures, we must expect strikes—and not only strikes but suspicion and the "We: They" outlook.

The establishment of enduring loyalties to the major group pre-supposes (in addition to a square deal) a low degree of mobility, in the economic sense. Sentiments are built up slowly, and crystallise chiefly around material objects, people and scenes. The repeated switching of labour from one area to another—still more the transplantation of people to contrasting cultural environments, as was done so extensively with Scots girls during the war—must inevitably disorganise the human relations both of industry and society. Here, as in so many fields, human needs are directly opposed to economic requirements. In addition, we must show far more insight in our use of symbols. Sir Charles Reid has recently criticised the Coal Board's psychological folly in treating the South Wales coalfield simply as part of the South-Western Division. Similar criticisms apply to the introduction of the colourless label "British Railways"; a sociologically-skilled administration would have moved in the reverse direction and restored some of the old regional names abandoned 25 years ago. Crude examples, perhaps; it is none the less true that administrators constantly ignore psychological factors of this kind.

A third well-established fact is that those who are deprived of all responsibility themselves become irresponsible. Conversely, there are vital human satisfactions in planning one's own work. Yet Government speakers have declared that, while workers should take a part in the general policy-planning of their firms, they are not skilled enough to supervise the technical management. Sociologists know otherwise. American experiments in which workers were encouraged, under skilled social guidance, to organise the running of their own departments brought about remarkable increases in output, as well as in personal satisfaction.

Potentially, nationalisation provides an important pre-condition for creating the "sense of responsible partnership in communal enterprise." Wrongly interpreted it can also weaken this sense by making the worker a member of a community too vast for his comprehension and too little integrated with his daily life. Only by the utmost decentralisation can it be tailored to the necessities of the human situation.

These few examples may indicate the scope of the problem. In what old-fashioned and limited terms the Government conceives it is shown by the limitation of Sir George Schuster's Committee to the consideration of human factors *affecting productivity*, and by the fact that its chief, almost its only, positive steps have been the creation of an Administrative Staff College and the foundation of the British Institute of Management. Administration is something imposed from outside; human relations are built up from inside. The idea that humanity can be *imposed* on industry may as well be jettisoned at once. What we need much more urgently than an Institute of Management (desirable as it may be) is a general appreciation of the function of the social sciences. GORDON RATTRAY TAYLOR

## BUSTAMANTE

(From a Correspondent.)

THERE is an old Jamaican proverb which says: "The higher monkey climb, the more him expose." Bustamante is Minister of Communications, he is also Mayor of Kingston and is reported to have said that he will be next Governor of Jamaica. Yet, as he clutches at new honours, the tide of opinion is turning steadily against him and his prestige is already declining. This course of events in Jamaica is important, not only because the trial Constitution will soon be up for review, but also because the Island is regarded as the political touchstone of the British West Indies.

Since the hysterical Führer-worship of the first Jamaican General Election of 1944, when Bustamante swept into power with a 4 to 1 majority over all opponents, there has been a radical change in public sentiment. Then the Jamaican business community, with its newspaper *Gleaner* and its Democratic Party, joined with the representatives of overseas commercial interests and British officialdom in a campaign of violent opposition to the People's National Party with its programme of industrialisation, self-government, education and land reform. Today, N. W. Manley, K.C., the leader of the People's National Party, can make a serious public statement, guaranteeing that, providing Bustamante behaves and does not provoke violence, his life will be safe in the streets of Kingston.

The bankruptcy of the Bustamante Government in the economic sphere has undoubtedly contributed to its loss of prestige. The smaller Jamaican industries built up during the war—cosmetics and other coconut oil products, jippajappa ware, etc.—have been allowed to decline. Larger projects for new industrialisation, such as a proposed cement factory, have met with delaying tactics from British and U.S. interests and corresponding non-co-operation from the Colonial Government. At the same time, public utility services such as transport and electricity have been sold to private enterprise by the Bustamante Government, and the immediate consequence has been increased fares and charges to the public. New British and American capital which has come to the Island has been invested in mining, bauxite and gypsum, and in the tourist trade—enterprises designed mainly for quick profits and unlikely to provide a sound basis on which to rebuild Jamaican economy.

These are but a few of the facts which contribute to a chaotic position in which Jamaican economy is inevitably disintegrating. The actual unemployment figure is difficult to establish, but in the capital, Kingston, alone, there are 30,000 workless out of a total population of 120,000. Unemployment in rural areas is just as high. There is, moreover, no public relief or dole.

The price of foodstuffs has risen greatly, and even bananas, when you can get them, are 1d. each in Kingston. There has been a very sharp rise in the cost of living since pre-war days, and the position is not helped by the decision of the Bustamante Government to reduce food subsidies. The Excess Profits Tax, which formerly brought in around £600,000 annually, was removed in order to encourage local investment in industry. This did not have the desired effect as the Jamaican businessman shows little interest in manufacture but is primarily concerned with mercantile pursuits, either on his own or as agent for one of the British or American combines. It is interesting to speculate whether this alignment between local and imperial capitalism has had anything to do with the consistent opposition of the Jamaican businessman to any idea of self-government. Indeed, the relative absence of business spokesmen within the National movement seems characteristic of the West Indies, and probably accounts for the virility of the National parties.

In terms of island politics, the Bustamante Government undoubtedly represents both the domestic and foreign employing class. The

People's National Party, with its associated T.U.C., is based on the middle and professional classes, including the independent cultivators and the skilled workers. During the last few years, there has been a swing towards the P.N.P. among the unskilled workers, the unemployed and the sugar workers. Whilst this process is not yet complete, it has seriously weakened Bustamante's value as a Labour demagogue. In fact, both in sugar and on the waterfront, his union is only maintained today because of the recognition accorded to it by the employers. For instance, the Sugar Manufacturers' Association accords him sole bargaining rights. Without the backing of the masses, recent attempts at terrorism by Bustamante's followers have misfired. But one thing Bustamante has amply proved: even with the best advisers he is capable of demogogy rather than of constructive statesmanship. He is always tempted to indulge in even more spectacular antics in order to retain any popular support.

It is now generally believed by the P.N.P. that the Jamaican employers will encourage Bustamante in this course, in order that he may thoroughly discredit the Constitution. It will then be possible for them to raise the demand for government by an "impartial commission," thus stopping further advances towards self-government. However, the mass character of the West Indian demand for full responsible self-government for each island, and for the status of a federal Dominion on the Australian model for the whole Caribbean, will certainly overcome the opposition of a relatively undeveloped capitalist class. Since its Conference in Kingston last September, the Caribbean Labour Congress, which unites every National party and Trade Union in the British Caribbean (except Bustamante's Union) has become an authoritative and unifying organisation.

The attitude of the Colonial office is uncertain, seemingly contradictory. On the one hand, we have Creech Jones promising the Labour Congress support in their demand for federation. On the other hand, whenever Bustamante's power or prestige has been threatened (three times last year, and twice so far this year) the Governor has banned all meetings, marches and demonstrations. In the recent bus strike he united with Bustamante in using the forces of the State to support an intransigent employer who stubbornly refuses the Government's own Labour Advisor's requests to negotiate.

It appears likely, though, that while Bustamante is in England, the Colonial Office will succeed in converting him to federation. Only by this means can a balanced economy be built up for the West Indies as a whole, and the political atmosphere brought to a more settled condition. It is still improbable, however, that Bustamante would have the ability to carry through such an enterprise.

## AT THE AIRPORT

WHILE I waited for the next official to examine my passport, ticket or valuta certificate, I thought how odd it was that nobody appeared to have written a novel or play or, perhaps better still, a film about an airport. I know no place that offers more of the significant comedy and tragedy, and all the screaming irony, of our age. Above, waiting for you with its dissolving dream landscape of cloud, is the wide sky itself, the largest and freest element through which man has ever travelled. Several farms have been flattened out to make the vast landing ground, which has runways that melt into the distance like high roads. Here, too, are spaciousness and freedom, suggesting that now we are all the children of this planet. Yet within the squat buildings that are the entrances and exits to the airport, not only is there no suggestion of this new spaciousness and freedom, but you appear to wait apprehensively in the shadow of Ivan the Terrible or the Grand Inquisitor.

In this foreign airport there was plenty of time for reflection on the irony of our situation. Every bit of paper we clutched so stickily was checked and double-checked. We were herded from pen to pen like a bunch of cattle marked for slaughter or sale to some suspicious farmer. Our dignity as human beings was obliterated. We were really bits of paper with heavy lumps of sweaty flesh attached to them. Nobody hinted, even by way of the sketchiest salute, that we were the people who paid for all this herding, penning, checking and stamping. Doing my best to ignore the anxious glances of my fellow-passengers and the whimpering of some small children, I tried to go back thirty-five years, to the careless youth I was when I visited five foreign countries without a document of any sort, without telling anybody why I was travelling and where I was born; and catching a glimpse of this present scene through his eyes I saw that he would imagine at once that he had wandered into a lunatic world. And then I realised that the true horror of our situation is that we refuse to imagine any such thing, that we take most of this profound barbarism for granted. It is almost as if we are treated like sheep because we are turning into sheep.

At last we were ordered out to the plane for London, which was waiting about fifty yards away. But here was a mysterious hold-up, and the wire closed round us again, and we were left staring at the plane. A number of young policemen, in military uniforms and with a brisk military air about them, were busy out there. The portable steps that had been placed before the door of the plane were wheeled away. The door, which had been open, waiting to receive us, was closed. Then for ten minutes nothing happened, except that distant planes purred or roared and the wind blew free above the great runways. We waited in silence, so much quiet tonnage of cargo. Finally, more policemen arrived, and with them a stretcher. The door of the plane was opened, and, like a limp doll taken from a box, a young man was lowered on to the stretcher, his eyes closed, his head lolling on his chest. Without any sign of either anger or concern, the police then removed him, like a piece of grit removed from a machine. Still clutching our now triumphant bits of paper, we took our places in the aircraft.

He looked an ordinary young man, decently dressed, with no suggestion of the ruffian about him. Presumably he had tried to evade the penning, checking and stamping, and was foolish and desperate enough to imagine that he could hide somewhere in the narrow tube of a Dakota aircraft. What had happened during the ten minutes or so when the door was closed, and the police were busy within, I do not know, and it is not likely now that I shall ever know. (In this world of lightning communications, with news and information services shouting at us day and night, we know less and less.) Perhaps he struggled when he was discovered and had to be knocked out. Perhaps he collapsed out of terror. Possibly, although he did not look it, he was out of his mind. But I doubt if he was any further out of his right mind than all the rest of us are, who go on constructing, at enormous cost, larger and larger machines that leave us less and less room in which to live our lives properly. The sky is ours, but only if we enter through the narrowest of gates. Thus the airport is the symbol of our time. It is there that we Frankensteins, hat in hand, visit our monster.

Do not let us delude ourselves that we owe all this to the politics of our age, to that quarrel between Private Gasworks and Public Gasworks which may soon peel off our civilisation as if it were so much orange rind. Public Gasworks has, it seems, the only genuine democracy, but you must obtain very special permission to get into it or out of it. Private Gasworks alone, it appears, stands for Liberty, but you cannot taste it without answering score of questions and having your fingerprints taken, like a convicted criminal. Everywhere, while meals dwindle and clothes grow shabbier, more and more able-bodied men and women, who might be producing something enjoyable, are checking and stamping forms, filing dossiers, herding and penning their fellow-citizens. Notice, too—and this is significant—that at these airports the only people who do not have to conform to the rules are the people who have made the rules. The men who make you stand in line do not stand in line themselves. And now even their smallest underlings hardly trouble to observe the punctuality and docility enforced upon you.

No, all the systems—Capitalism, Public Corporations, Socialism, Communism—go roaring together down the same road, tossing human values, decencies and dignities in the ditch as they go. Wives may not be able to reach their husbands, mothers their children, artists their work, scholars their students, but the machinery of government, of official control, of the new tyranny that has not even its moments of gaiety and splendour, must, as they say, continue to function, though for whose benefit we now hardly dare to ask. Whatever change we make, we seem only to uncover a little more of the strange robot pattern, as if we had all secretly decided to rid ourselves of our rich warm humanity, to drain away our blood and dreams. Take your choice of cultures: on one side of the curtain is crude work of a blatant false optimism, designed to please the Party bosses; and on the other is a mountain of commercial rubbish crowned by a little sincere work rotten with decay and disintegration, the self-tortures of a few despairing introverts; and the breed of Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Beethoven is no more. Once all our papers are seen to be in order at the airport, we can take wing; and so can some of the ants. . .

"My dear fellow," said Procrustes, "with all due respect, I find all this rather adolescent." I told him that I was probably an adolescent type, but that there are worse types. "It's easy to complain," he continued, "but take a respoisible view, for once. Look at our position here. We've had to standardise our bed, of course—our whole economy and, indeed, our political security depended on it—but it's been a high priority designing and production job—we set our exports a high target and they even went beyond it—with the result that we have a standard bed, second to none. But people come here, only a few irresponsible types, of course, who simply don't fit in—glandular trouble probably. So we have to do a little cutting or stretching—you ought to visit our *Cee and Ess Corps*, very keen co-operative types—and now and again naturally there are a few hard cases But if you can spare the time," cried Procrustes, ringing a bell, "just take a look at our new official documentary film, *We Have Made Your Bed*. . . ." But before I could see it, I was being told to fasten my safety belt, for we were now about to land at another airport.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

## LOUISIANA WHIRLIGIG

THE assassination of Huey Long eliminated one of the most able men in American politics. The Kingfish, many people believe, might have brought Fascism to the United States. His machine, ruthless and efficient in its birthplace of Louisiana, was already reaching out into neighbouring States when, in 1935, Dr. Weiss shot the Senator inside the resplendent marble skyscraper which he had built for the State legislature at Baton Rouge. Huey Long was dead, and his ambitions and ability were no longer the menace they had seemed in the early days of the New Deal. What Huey might have done became a matter for speculation. What Huey actually did remains a question for argument. He is still the most loved and hated man in Louisiana.

There followed an interregnum of twelve years in which Louisiana politics reverted to something more normal—the conflict between New Orleans, predominantly Catholic, and the countryside, poor and largely Protestant; the quarrels among regular politicians about the division of the spoils; the parsimony which replaced Huey Long's enormous expenditure on roads, hospitals and education. The State has three main social groups, the French, the Negroes and the Americans, none of which properly accepts or understands the other two. Overshadowed by the tourist attrac-

tions, the commercial importance and the urban slums of New Orleans, the rest of the State struggles to assert itself. The Kingfish, a poor boy from the back country, was a product of that assertion. Wartime prosperity did something to lessen the pressures, but when the peak of the boom was over, the old pattern began to emerge clearly again. At the last election, by a huge majority, Louisiana chose Earl Long, brother of the Kingfish, as Governor, and swept a complete slate into the State legislature with him.

At that point the questions begin. Is the new Governor cast from the same mould as his brother? Is his machine as good and his ideas as dangerous? Is he a crackpot or a sincere reformer? Is the new legislature going to do a good job for its constituents, or will it be, as a superficial impression might suggest, a parody of the Assembly of Fredonia which, in *Duck Soup*, made Groucho Marx its President?

There can be nothing more than guesses at these questions so far. It is probably true that if a further election were held now, Long would be defeated. Few men have suffered such a rapid decline in popularity. But he and his men have four years to go. If the paper programme is carried out—and there is considerable scepticism in the State about that—it would do more for the under-privileged than Huey Long attempted to do or any other Southern State has ever done. The new Governor knows that nothing short of impeachment can remove him, and that the State constitution debars him from re-election. So he has gone ahead, dragging an obedient legislature behind him. The immediate cause of dissatisfaction is the vast taxation scheme needed to raise funds for the social welfare projects to which Long's ticket was pledged at the election. A budget of nearly three hundred million dollars is ambitious for a poor State such as Louisiana.

This taxation is the first thing the newcomer notices. Fearful, some say, of driving business out of the State by heavy corporation and income taxes, the Governor has pushed the cost of his reforms on to the people. The sales and service taxes, dear to the heart of American cities and States, have been pushed to a point in Louisiana where they have already had a serious effect on spending. Cigarettes are sixpence a pack more than the price I have paid in New York. Petrol is sixpence a gallon more than in the neighbour State of Texas. Beer is nearly as expensive as whiskey. The tax on my restaurant bill doubled once entertainment—a seedy violinist—started and, later at night in a bar, I paid a third of the price of a drink in local taxation alone. Add to this a slump in the tourist trade, and it is easy to see why idle taxis block the narrow streets of New Orleans, why the night clubs are empty and why one quite good store is offering anything in the place for a weekly instalment of fifty cents. No wonder the Governor and his men up at Baton Rouge are unpopular. Even the trade unions, which generally support him, which have elected some of their men on his ticket, and which find the Governor unusually sympathetic and responsive to their interests, have been urging him to finance his programme in a different way, agreeing to accept a much lower tax-exemption limit if he will curtail the consumer taxes.

But there is much more to it than that. Everyone I talked with in Louisiana seemed to regard some form of corruption as a necessary corollary of government. "It's merely a matter of degrees of corruption," one member of the legislature said to me, "and this lot are no worse than any of their predecessors." The most common type is the "shakedown" bill, a familiar but dying practice in State legislatures. One or two legislators introduce a bill directed at a particular business group—a railroad, power company or trucking concern—which is preferably wealthy and unpopular. For a consideration, which may be disguised as fees for technical advice or expenses for private investigation of the facts, the bill will die, cheaply if in committee, more expensively if the money doesn't come through before the bill reaches the floor. It is a common wisecrack in New Orleans now that the Louisiana Purchase is cheap this session. As long as essential business is completed, no one seems to worry much if the legislators, who only come down to Baton Rouge for two months twice in four years, get what they can, either for their constituents or themselves, while the going is good.

Governor Long's programme, though less flamboyantly presented than his brother's doctrine of "Share the Wealth," rests on the same assumptions. He told me that he was trying to do the same thing as the Labour Government in Britain, "to make things better for the poor people," and to that end had plans to put the fine hospitals the Kingfish built on an adequate financial appropriation, to refurbish and extend both the education and free school meals programmes, and, above all, to pay really decent old-age pensions—almost up to the massive demands made by Dr. Townsend and his followers. He is not merely sympathetic to labour: his public attitude to Negroes—admittedly in a State where the record is better than many parts of the South—is more than tolerant. Yet there are people in the State, some journalists, some lawyers, who are by no means as prejudiced against the new regime as the press generally exerts itself to be, who are at least suspicious of the Governor's programme, who ask cynically where the money for his campaign came from, and accuse him of straddling two horses, the poor, who will have to pay for most of the benefits he seeks to give them, and the rich, whom he has done little or nothing to harm apart from colourful campaign oratory.

The legislature, architecturally, is the showpiece of the State. Politically, the same could be said. Perhaps complete informality breeds true democracy. If so, the House is a great experiment. Staged in a magnificent chamber, its proceedings are dominated by the electric voting machine which automatically registers the vote—and illuminates a coloured bulb beside a list above the rostrum to show how a man has voted—when a switch is turned on the legislator's desk. I scarcely believed one man who told me that he had absented himself from a vote because he was opposed to a bill but did not want publicly to oppose it and had returned to find that his switch, locked when he left, had been voted for the bill. I believed him when, after watching some three-score votes in one afternoon, I had many times seen a representative walk down and vote a number of empty desks. The public—and lobbyists, who seem to outnumber the legislators at least three to one—have access not merely to the floor of the chamber. They may, like the small boy who was perched on the arm of the Speaker's chair drinking a soft drink, even go up on the rostrum, take off their coats, smoke, gossip and do anything except wear their hats. The Senate, a little more on its dignity, is more liable to clear the floor and demand a slightly higher degree of formality. All this, however, makes an efficient legislature—if quantity be a measure. Considering some fifteen hundred bills in two months is a heavy assignment for thirty-nine Senators and a hundred Representatives unless the debates are short and voting speedy. They are. One bill passed while I was on the floor, substantially changing the voting registration system, required three minutes for its passage. A reporter sitting close to me had no time to do more than note the numbers of the bills as they came up. "I'll find out afterwards what they mean," he said. "This is what we call the Governor's session. Until the jobs are doled out, everything runs very smoothly." Certainly, there is an orgy of job creation and distribution in Louisiana to-day.

It is too soon to make any final judgment on the role that Earl Long will play. His supporters and his opponents equally will damn him and praise him on different scores. They concede that he is far less able than his brother, less capable of over-reaching ambition, in the end perhaps accomplishing less. But he is a powerful and still enigmatic figure in Louisiana politics. The best summary I heard, though painfully witty, came from a lawyer in New Orleans. "The State emblem," he said, "is appropriately the pelican. We may find, after this legislative banquet, that our beak can hold more than our belly can."

I wish, with many Louisiana citizens, I could find the clue to this riddle. But, then, they are still arguing about the Kingfish, and he has been dead for thirteen years.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

*Baton Rouge, Louisiana.*

## SAVING OUR FISH

FISHING, mining and agriculture provide the main sources of our natural wealth in this country. The part played by miners and farmers and their importance in our economic life is well understood, but few are aware of the contribution made by the fishing industry. During 1947 the amount of fish of all kinds landed from British vessels reached a total of 19,872,000 cwts., which realised on landing £41½ million. Added to this, foreign imports reached 4,250,000 cwts., valued at £12½ million, which means that the seas around our coasts have yielded in a raw state, unprocessed or manufactured in any way, natural wealth worth £54 million. There is no doubt that up to now since the end of the war the fishing industry has enjoyed a high degree of prosperity from which all sections, including the working fisherman, have benefited.

In spite of this, there is in the industry a growing feeling of anxiety. These fears are founded on substantial causes; indeed, there are already signs that a decline has set in. The reason for this may at first seem paradoxical: we are fishing too much. Extensive overfishing has been taking place during the past three years, not only by British vessels, but by those of countries bordering the North Sea, the English Channel, and in the case of Southern Irish waters, Spain and Portugal. Supplies can only be maintained if fish are allowed to mature up to the age of spawning. If they are caught before they are old enough to reproduce—and their capacity to multiply is immense—the supply will be cut off at the source.

Let us recall what happened after the first world war. In 1914 we landed from the North Sea, excluding Scotland, 2,869,000 cwts. of white fish, of good quality, excluding herring, mackerel, sprats, pilchards and a few other categories. During 1914-18 the seas were rested. Our fleets of trawlers and drifters were engaged in other occupations, mainly mine sweeping and laying. Fish multiplied, the spawning grounds were left undisturbed and, in spite of submarine warfare and mines, the fish bred without hindrance. By 1919 there was an ample supply of fish of good quality and a wide variety of choice. When the war ended, and the fleets resumed fishing, they did so on an intensive scale, with the result that in 1920 the catch rose to 4½ million cwts. But in 1924 the catch had dropped to 2½ million cwts; in 1932 it was just over 2 million cwts., and in 1938 it had fallen to less than 1½ million cwts., about one third the catch of 1920. The bottom had been knocked out of the North Sea fisheries. But the fall in actual tonnage of fish caught was only part of the sad tale. In seven years after the end of the first world war the percentage of fish landed and recorded as small, that is immature, increased in respect of cod by 32 per cent., haddock 83 per cent., plaice 72 per cent. and soles 41 per cent.

One of the consequences of the depletion of home waters was that, in order to maintain supplies, trawlers had to extend their voyages to more distant waters and a considerable fishing took place in the region of the Barents Sea and Bear Island. The best quality fish is caught in the near waters, the North Sea and off the South and South West coasts. Much of this is done by inshore fishermen and the smaller trawler or trawler-drifter. The fish caught in the northern waters are coarser and there is less variety. In consequence, the consumer, unable to secure the better choice, reacted against the less palatable supplies and the demand for fish fell.

Will history repeat itself? During the last war

the seas were rested for six years, and in 1945 it was predicted there would be no danger of overfishing for a considerable time. But, as in so many other things, we failed to learn the lesson of the inter-war years, and there are the clearest indications that already we are seriously overfishing the North Sea. In 1946 we landed in English ports (again excluding herring and other pelagic fish) 2,059,000 cwt. In 1947 that figure receded to 1,791,000 cwt., in spite of there being 2,307 more first-class landings. This means that, although there were considerably more voyages, the amount of fish landed was considerably smaller. In Western waters the quantity of hake taken fell from 75,000 cwts. in January 1946 to 33,000 cwts. in January 1947. The cause is plain, to none more so than the industry itself which views with the gravest concern the possibility, indeed the certainty, of a calamitous fall in near water takings of fish within a short time.

The catching of immature fish, wherever it occurs, is the greatest disservice fishermen can do to their own industry and it must be stopped. In March, 1946, a determined attempt to tackle this problem was made at the International Conference on Overfishing convened by the British Government and held in London. Representatives of twelve European countries and an observer for the U.S.A. investigated means by which supplies of fish could be conserved. It was extremely difficult to get agreement, as each country had to consider its own special problems. However, in spite of divergent interests two recommendations were ratified by them. The first was to increase the size of mesh of fishing nets; the second was to fix a limit below which certain kinds of fish should not be landed. It was also agreed that a permanent commission should meet at intervals to report to the several governments on the situation.

Unfortunately a number have still not yet signified their ratification, including Belgium, France, Eire, Iceland, Portugal and Spain. This is most disappointing particularly as some of these countries are among the worst offenders and it is due in large measure to the highly intensive methods of the Spaniards that the Southern Irish waters have been so seriously depleted. There is, however, a more critical attitude evident in Spain itself on these methods and we may reasonably hope for some co-operation soon.

Meanwhile the Government has been considering legislation to give effect to the recommendations of the International Conference and on April 29th the second reading of the White Fish and Herring Industry Bill was taken. The Bill provides for the increase in the size of mesh, in order to allow immature fish to escape. But it is felt that this will go only a small way to meet the problem. Another clause makes the licensing of fishing vessels compulsory. This will prevent the undue expansion of the fishing fleet which we have agreed shall not exceed 85 per cent. of the pre-war strength. The other clauses deal with co-operatives, grants to inshore fishermen, and powers for the Herring Industry Board which are outside the scope of this article. Although the restrictions imposed by the Bill will go some way to meet the situation they cannot in themselves do much and, if their operation is confined to British vessels only, very little can be hoped for. Eventually we shall have to put into operation the other suggestions of the Conference. These include the compulsory resting of the spawning areas by prohibiting fishing over the breeding periods, an overall reduction in size of fishing fleets, a limitation of tonnage of fish landed and a drastic prohibition of the landing of undersized fish with a further limit than that already agreed. There is no doubt whatever that unless this question of over-fishing is taken as an imminent calamity by the industry and a grave danger to our future food supplies we shall suffer the most serious consequences. The only ray of hope is that all concerned with the welfare of the fishing industry, owners, fishermen and the Government departments involved are fully alive to the danger and determined to meet it.

EDWARD EVANS

# THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

THE interpretation of *Through the Looking Glass* is difficult in the extreme. Ostensibly it was written for children; but experience has shown that both in content and in meaning, even if it is taken purely as a story with "interest and entertainment value," it is far beyond the understanding of the normal child. The foundation of the story alone, a game of chess, places it immediately upon ground unfamiliar to a child, while the punning and the plays upon words are quite incomprehensible to anyone of less than adult culture. *Through the Looking Glass*, moreover, represents a romance quite alien to the "improving" nature that the Victorian era demanded of its children's books.

On these counts, then, this work appears to be unsuited for the audience for which it was ostensibly designed. Yet Dr. Dodgson, an erudite mathematics don, was the last person to write a book that was manifestly unsuitable. He must surely have had a purpose in his writing other than his ostensible purpose of entertaining children. It remains for the serious student of his work to ascertain just what this purpose was. Such a study can best be accomplished through a survey of similar works, and by drawing parallels thence, whereby an accurate assessment of Dr. Dodgson's *chef d'oeuvre* may be achieved.

The present writer has devoted considerable time and labour to this task, and has found no works so closely akin to *Through the Looking Glass* as the apocalyptic and prophetic works of the Bible, both in brilliance of metaphor and in magnificence of imagery. The apocalypses are accepted generally as being prophetic in nature. Similarly, apologists of *Through the Looking Glass* classify the book as being "ahead of its time." May not the key to the whole books lie in this phrase? I believe that it does so lie.

Allegorical prophecy, though, is with difficulty recognised save in its fulfilment, and this fact has delayed the recognition of Dr. Dodgson's prophecies at their true level of vision, for it is only of recent years that their fulfilment has commenced. However, in the light of recent events, the problem of interpretation becomes comparatively simple.

We may accept Alice as typifying the British people—meddlesome, inquisitive, enterprising and not a little priggish. The period of which the prophecy is to speak is indicated as being in the age which followed that of Imperialist expansion, for Alice, we are told, had *once* suggested that she was a "hungry hyaena." We must seek, then, our interpretation in the age following the Edwardian years; and immediately we view briefly a vision of the impact of the Great War—"Mind the volcano"; with an allusion to the ineptness of military direction: "The white knight is sliding down the poker. He balances very badly."

Hence we are led to the sudden realisation of doubts, depicted by the solution of the "Jabberwocky" puzzle, with its brilliant allegory of the war against Germany—the "vorpal blade" refers surely to the weapon of propaganda which, wielded by the Press Lords, did so much to discourage and finally to defeat Germany. We see Alice "floating in the air" in all the light-hearted irresponsibility of the immediate post-war years, and we observe the national relief when the "Hang the Kaiser" hysteria and the Coalition Government were succeeded by a catching up with reality and a return to normal political life: "she was getting a little giddy with so much floating in the air, and was rather glad to find herself walking again in the natural way."

Henceforward the course of prophecy is clear. Alice's wandering in the garden along paths which twist and lead her back to her starting-place show in vivid imagery the indecisive gropings of post-war politics. We have our first view of the newly-risen Labour Party as the Red Queen comes down the garden path (a significant phrase). "She's grown a good deal" was Alice's first comment. So she had indeed. The emergence of Labour as an organised party was an amazing growth. "It's the fresh air that does it" was the reason given. Here again the prophet shows wonderful foreknowledge, for in this country alone has the Left-wing group grown to majority without armed risings and forcible suppressions. We do, as a matter of fact, see how die-hard propaganda intimidated some of the weaker spirits amongst the flowers—at Alice's threat several of the daisies turned white. This may, of course, refer to the National Labour group led by Ramsay MacDonald. But the science of interpreting Lewis Carroll is too young for any definite pronouncement to be made on this point.

Under the guidance of the Labour Party the nation receives its first impression of State planning. Alice is shown an orderly landscape, drawn up and ruled out like a chess board. Her excitement at the view parallels that of the British public, and her blindness to the inevitable dullness of such a view follows a similar close parallel.

As the Red Queen is a symbol of the Labour Party, so we must see in the White Queen an image of the Conservative. The years between 1920 and 1945 are then manifestly clear, for Alice passes through her adventures as the White Queen's pawn; though the continuous leftward trend of the country's policy is demonstrated by the fact that Alice's journeyings are taken in accordance with the advice given to her by the Red Queen. It is interesting to note the interlude during which she took Alice a long way at a tremendous pace, and how, at the end of a long and tiring run, they found themselves exactly where they had started!

The dangers of inflation are indicated through the "thousand pounds" chorus in the train; and the General Strike, an unbridgeable gap between the old and the new, is manifested by the sudden leaping of the train into the air, and its subsequent disappearance, leaving Alice in a new country amongst new phenomena.

Sufficient has been written to show how clear and how detailed was Dr. Dodgson's prophetic vision. It remains only to demonstrate a few outstanding prophecies.

The clash of Nazism and Communism is shown in the battle between Tweedledum and Tweedledee—two figures so alike that it is only by their labels that they can be told apart.

The modern trend towards centralisation and large industrial groups is foreshadowed in the parable of the Walrus and the Carpenter, with their swallowing of the smaller units, the oysters, who originally sought their protection.

We see the Coalition of the war years from 1939, when the Queens forget party strife and go to sleep on Alice's shoulders; and we see in a final flash the reawakening of old prejudices and of party warfare in the closing chapters.

And here, perhaps, is the most startling of all the prophecies. Here, in minutest detail, we see depicted the course of the last General Election. "Take care of yourself," screamed the White Queen . . . "Something's going to happen!" (Do we not well remember a certain pre-election speech on the wireless?) And something did happen to the White Queen, for we see her disappearing—and here Dr. Dodgson uses the army phrase—"in the soup."

Henceforward the course of prophecy is as yet unfulfilled, but we observe that the Labour Party is to overstep its mandate from the nation and is to be suppressed by direct action of the people. The Red Queen is to dwindle to "the size of a doll," and is to be shaken into something as harmless and playful as a kitten. Whereupon the nation is to awake from sleep and . . . thereafter?

It is regretted that time and space do not permit a more detailed examination of this extraordinary work in this new light, but it is hoped that sufficient has been said to encourage the student to read *Through the Looking Glass* once again, and to find for himself how far the author was "ahead of his time," and how true and brilliant a prophet he was.

HARVEY WEBB

# The Arts and Entertainment

## RADIO NOTES

*Island of Puffins, Les Fêtes des Saintes Maries* and *Portrait of a City* were as different technically as three programmes could be, but each aimed, with a large measure of success, at evoking the spirit of a place in terms of radio, with recording equipment used in much the same way as a movie camera. Mr. Acton-Bond's programme on Lundy Island, *Island of Puffins*, though the least ambitious of the three, was probably the most difficult to execute; and it represented regional broadcasting at its best. The technique adopted was that of the documentary, and in the absence of a script-writer of the calibre of a Loti or a Conrad, it was undoubtedly the most satisfactory. There was a minimum of written script, and the half dozen or so men, women and children who live with the puffins, the sheep, the goats and the wild ponies on this storm-bound granite rock in the Bristol Channel told their own story. The result was a fascinating glimpse of a mode of life as remote and as isolated almost at certain times of the year as that of Tristan da Cunha itself.

*Les Fêtes des Saintes Maries* necessarily leaned much more heavily on the written part of the script and was accordingly less successful. Every year in May the gipsies of Europe flock in pilgrimage to the Provençal village of Les Saintes-Maries de la Mer in honour of their patron Saint, St. Sara. In many respects the programme, written and recorded by Mr. Maurice Brown and Mr. Jack Borhoff, was excellent: especially the scenes in the gipsy camp, the all-night adoration at the shrine of St. Sara, and the fair afterwards. In these episodes the recordings had caught not merely the noise but also the atmosphere, from which one could very satisfactorily infer both colour and stink. But to the recording microphone one church service, one procession, is very much like another, and though the commentator's description was always discreet it was not always lively. By contrast, Mr. Heppenstall's programme on Strasbourg, *Portrait of a City*, was continually so. It was indeed something of a *tour-de-force*. We followed Mr. Heppenstall round the city as he looked for the material for his script or, rather, we followed Mr. James McKechnie in the part of the script-writer, and eavesdropped, as it were, on an interior monologue which, vivid and witty as it was, really did convey to the listener both the impact of a foreign city in all its strangeness and colour on a traveller visiting it for the first time and on the personality of the traveller. But what made the programme memorable was the way in which an excellent script was reinforced by a brilliant use of sound-effects. I have not heard sound used so evocatively or edited so skilfully in any other programme since *The Twenty-ninth of January*. Cathedral bells, tramcars, children at play, lunchtime café noises, snatches of conversation in French and German, an accordion played in a working-class suburb, Couperin at the music festival—the sounds of the city flowed about one as one listened.

Anyone interested in contemporary writing must have listened to the Third Programme discussion *The Artist in Society*, between Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Mr. Graham Greene and Mr. V. S. Pritchett, with a sense of occasion: it is not often that three such eminent novelists are gathered together in one studio, and Mr. Greene's voice is not commonly heard on the air. The programme was as stimulating as one had anticipated. All three speakers were agreed that

> Art is not life, and cannot be
> A midwife to society.

Miss Bowen's analysis of why people so often expect the novelist to behave as the equivalent of a priest, prophet, or political theorist, was most illuminating. And how enjoyable was Mr. Greene's uncompromising presentation of the novelist as devil's advocate.

WILLIAM SALTER

## THE MOVIES

**"The Naked City," at the Gaumont**
**"The Iron Curtain," at the Plaza**
**"Metropolis," at the Everyman**

*The Naked City* has all, or nearly all, the virtues one thinks of as American. A thriller about New York, it has gone to New York itself for a background which is sheer suspense and delight from beginning to end. No subject better suits the camera than the enormity, the occasional beauty, the hiving humanity of a great city. It has provided the theme of countless impressionist pieces since Cavalcanti took his snapshots of Paris and Ruttmann his newsier view of Berlin; yet there is always room, not merely for one, but for a dozen more. Jules Dassin, director of *The Naked City*, has left the studios to take a walk in New York, and the result is fascinating. The rising sun touches those fabulous skyscrapers, sinks over the Hudson; two tweenies gaze into a dressmaker's window, exchanging sexual daydreams, and one votes the other "unco-operative"; children cool themselves at the street fire-hose; a fat man, bald as Sibelius, sweats at the open window of an elevated carriage; a temporary builders' lift rises thirty flights or so over the street; a traffic cop holds up traffic, an organ-grinder doles out a tune, strollers at lunch time join in a police chase; on East Side people are trying to sell anything from puppies to ties and soft drinks; there is a heat wave in New York, a blonde has been murdered, and everyone is busy reading about it. Though the setting is rich, the story comes first; and that is a thrilling and well-documented investigation of murder. We feel the heat-wave, the tidal streets, the clodhopping and bursts of hysteria as they touch the case: never, I believe, have the excitement and tedium of "the chase" been more vividly portrayed. With experts at work letting off flashes, examining hairs in carpets, and powdering the wainscot for prints, there seems at first no clue at all; a twittery lady comes in to offer a solution, the usual quiet maniac confesses; it's a "heavy case," we are told, and its weight falls on Mr. Barry Fitzgerald who, as the officer in charge, gives a performance as light as a canary's feather. This in fact is the best chance Hollywood has given Mr. Fitzgerald, and no mistake: he can afford to take it quietly all the time. All the detective side of *The Naked City* seems to me remarkably good, with that realistic gusto which the Americans will occasionally extend to dance halls, police work, or yellow journalism. The whole piece hangs together beautifully; so well, in fact, that the voice that takes us through this story in the vernacular and even addresses the characters by name, never jars for an instant. My usual complaint against the better American films to-day (*Best Years of Our Lives, Gentleman's Agreement*, etc.), is that they saccharine their subject. Here, for a change, the over-sweetening has been left out, and the result is a vivid, salty, humorous and tense dollar's worth such as we have not enjoyed for a long time.

By contrast, *The Iron Curtain* is a dead-alive mixture of melodrama and documentary, based on the Russian spy trials in Canada. No country, we gather, except Russia has ever behaved so abominably as to employ spies abroad; and those spies, by the way, seem to have a very old look cut out of the cardboard of popular fiction. This propaganda is tedious enough and would be utterly unimportant if it weren't for the assumption of war it so smugly engenders. At the present time I can hardly believe it will either assist or amuse.

At the Everyman, I would remind readers, Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* can be seen until July 25th. This twenty-two-year-old thriller still keeps its fantasy, and if its romanticism dates, the theme of man versus machine has become horrifyingly more topical. Wells's *Shape of Things to Come* with its terrifying forecast blotted this earlier vision from our minds


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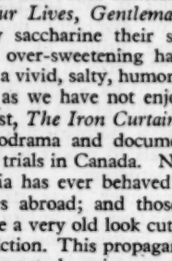

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but, despite its Gothic absurdities, *Metropolis* wears surprisingly well. We must be grateful to the Everyman for retaining the apparatus to give us these silent films. *Caligari* has been among its revivals. On Monday week, reverting to sound, it will show John Ford's *Tobacco Road*. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## UNCOMMON OPERAS

BEFORE the war, in the wicked epoch of International Opera, it was the constant complaint of musicians that the repertory was stale. *Plus ça change* . . . in our our virtuous new world of all-English mediocrity, the repertory has grown, if anything, staler still; so much so that the Opera Panel has its hands full merely trying to prevent half a dozen rival companies from giving *Rigoletto* on the same night. The public always gets the blame for insisting on the eternal treadmill of twelve old operatic stand-bys; and it's perfectly true that the *Fausts* and *Carmens* and *Bohèmes* sell themselves, in the sense that it's almost impossible to give them so badly that thousands of innocents won't pay to see them; whereas, if you hope to succeed with *Elektra* or *Eugen Onegin* or *Simon Boccanegra*, you must begin by engaging some first-class singers and proceed to rehearse them thoroughly under a conductor, a designer and a producer, each of whom knows his job as thoroughly as Messrs. Busch and Neher and Ebert knew theirs when they staged Verdi's *Macbeth* at Glyndebourne. These conditions being non-existent in our operatic life, everyone plays for safety, and our acquaintance with the world's opera literature has come to depend more and more upon the B.B.C. Nothing is more valuable in dispelling our insular ignorance than the series of direct relays and recorded transmissions from foreign opera-houses, of which the most interesting so far have come from Czechoslovakia. Last week's recorded version of Janacek's *Jenufa* was a momentous, indeed for me a thrilling, occasion. True, neither performance nor recording was quite so good as in Smetana's *Dalibor* last year (another eye-opener, that); there was the usual trouble of too much voice and too little orchestra, and for most of the evening the recording ran a semitone sharp (this is evidently a problem which needs attention, for I am told that the Dutch *Tales of Hoffmann* deviated from pitch to precisely the same degree). But *Jenufa* itself is so fresh in point of sheer musical invention, so intensely dramatic, and from time to time so overwhelmingly lyrical that mechanical drawbacks can be ignored, and I vehemently recommend the adventurous listener to look out for the repeat on July 22nd; he may well agree with me that it is deplorable that this masterpiece, now 44 years old, should be still unperformed in England. The fortunate delegates to the recent Prague Festival heard all six of Janacek's major operas, and if it is too much to expect that they have all been recorded, at least we may hope in due course to hear *Katya Kabanova*, the work based on Ostrovsky's play, *The Storm*, which disputes with *Jenufa* the distinction of being the composer's operatic masterpiece. That Janacek is no mere local celebrity, but a major figure in European music, seems to me increasingly plain with each one of his works that comes my way. Alas, that they should be so few and so far between. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## AN EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

THE Scottish Anthropological and Folk-lore Society showed admirable initiative in organising a festival of folk music and dance at Edinburgh. A further week might well have been spent in sorting out and relating the many and varied impressions derived from the morning seances, consisting of papers, lantern or dance illustrations and discussions, and the evening dance demonstrations. The two papers I found most fascinating were Miss Violet Alford's on The Mummers' Play, with lantern illustrations ranging from Greece to Portugal, and Major The Lord James Stewart Murray's talk on Highland Dancing, in the demonstration of which he took an active and elegant part.

The contacts between many peoples, classes and occupations made at such a festival are immensely valuable. The visiting teams came from the Isle of Man, North Ireland, Wales and many parts of England, and though by no means equal in dancing efficiency or spirit, all had something of great interest to contribute. The evidence of a common ritual origin for our Morris, Sword Dances and Processionals once again received striking proof from many sources. All this was extremely interesting and often beautiful; but the chief honours went, by common consent, to Scotland, the host of the festival, to the Highland dancing by men of famous Scottish regiments, and the Scottish Country Dances performed by members of the Scottish Country Dance Society. These were not all equally good; but here was a living dance which, though it had been revived, was never really dead. Folk dance has again become in Scotland the dance of the ball-room, which it never was in England; and the proud, gay bearing and exquisite footwork of these dancers reveal an undying tradition, a sense of union with a splendid national past, which no amount of religious bigotry or political repression has ever been able to quell. The fact also that dancing is part of the military drill of Highland regiments is of the utmost importance.

There was a folk-music concert, in which the folk-song seemed too often to have been "arranged" out of recognition; fortunately the competence of the dance-critic is not supposed to extend to the art of music, so I need not discuss it, but may mention instead the inspired fiddling of Miss Averil and Miss Mulholland, in accompaniment to the dance. Indeed, almost all the authentic musical accompaniments were very ably performed. BERYL DE ZOETE

## THE THEATRE

**"Rosmersholm," at the Arts**
**"People Like Us," at Wyndham's**

The Arts theatre is running throughout July, August and September a festival of four plays, *Rosmersholm*, *Too True to be Good*, *Tartuffe*, and *The Cherry Orchard*. Thus our summer visitors will be able to find the London theatre not entirely barbarian. *Rosmersholm* seems to me an excellent choice for one of the four. This is a play not very often to be seen, and everyone interested in literature and drama who has not seen it will want to; for it plunges us into the mill-race of the full Ibsen world: where the wrestle with the conventions has turned into the wrestle with the sick conscience: where idealism is picked out as one of the enemies of life and where the poetic symbolism begins to crackle and flash across the sombre sky. The Arts production is very consistent within modest limits. Without being first-class, it gives a more than adequate idea of the play, while Miss Lucie Mannheim's Rebecca West is acting of a high order. Her surface is beautifully restrained and increasingly we glimpse how great the cost is of keeping it so, the strength of the passionate currents racing beneath it. She is well supported by Miss Eileen Thorndike as Mrs. Helseth and Stanley van Beers as Peter Mortensgard and especially by Mr. Brook-Jones as Professor Kroll; though he seemed to me to be better at the beginning when his voice kept to a more forceful lower register than later when he became too oilily sinister and allowed his voice to slide too high. As the sponging Ulrich Brendel, Mr. Wilfrid Walter makes an excellent couple of irruptions. The disappointment is Mr. Marius Goring as Rosmer; for one would certainly have prophesied great things from this. Instead, his figure is a figure of straw, got up to look the part, but not breathing of living. It seemed to me as if Mr. Goring had not fully accepted the villainy of this hero, his weak obstinacy and his priggish self-deceit. Rosmer is surely as bad, for all his new "goodness," as the rest of his line and his old friends, and if this is missed the humanness of the character is lost.


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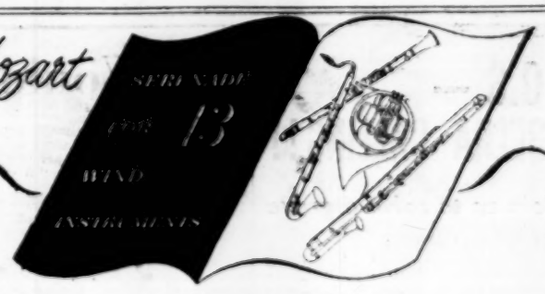

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*People Like Us*, the late Frank Vosper's variation on the Thompson-Bywaters theme, is not a good play. A "psychological drama," both its psychology and its method of getting this over (by the husband's exposing his hand) seem oddly dated. Then again the play only begins ten minutes before the end of the second act. Up till then we are treated to a "background" of lower-middle-class family life and, though Miss Alison Leggatt, Mr. Miles Malleson, Mr. George Rose and Miss Anna Turner do their very best with this, it is, truth to tell, sham, stagey, reach-me-down stuff, descending even to one of the oldest gags in the business, the little girl's timidly "obliging" with "Pale hands I love."

One is only kept going, in fact, by the foreknowledge that the dreadful will soon happen, and at the very end of Act II it begins; after that there develops a quite effective piece of theatre and doubtless the fact that it is a mild reflection of a particularly fascinating case will make it popular. What the play does do is to provide a fat part for the murderess, and a young actress, Miss Kathleen Michael, made a great hit with this. It would be an unkindness to her to suggest that a new star is born. Miss Michael is not afraid to act full out: her self-dramatisations are excellently done, especially that sulky flick round the parlour while her husband goads her. But it is at present an uneven performance which drops in her quieter moments (Miss Michael might well take some lessons from Miss Mannheim here), though it certainly shows great promise. Mr. Clive Morton gives a most consistent, excellently developing picture of the husband, and Mr. Robert Flemyng is convincing enough as the lover. Miss Olga Lindo makes a very touching entrance as this young man's mother.

T. C. WORSLEY

### TOPIARY

"Me in this Eden did the Master set,
Where those wild simpletons, baptised with dew,
Rose, lily, passion-flower, mignonette,
Breathe incense up to cultured box and yew:

"Intelligible trees, whose varied shapes
Clipped to the stem or bunched in swelling line,
Globes, galleons, lyre-birds, minarets and apes,
Evolve the purpose of His great design.

"Yet I, the crown of things, 'tis I who give
Significance to these that else should fail,
For in my life alone does Nature live"—
The clipped and tufted poodle wagged his tail.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

# Correspondence

## "OBJECTIVITY" AND THE B.B.C.

SIR,—In his friendly notice of the Third Programme discussion on the "Soviet Idea" your radio commentator missed the point of my criticism of the choice of the six speakers. He appears to imagine that I demanded that only supporters of the Soviet Union or Communism could be "objective" on the subject, and that therefore the Dean of Canterbury or Professors Haldane or Levy or Maurice Dobb should have been chosen as "objective" spokesmen. On this he comments:—

> Perhaps "objective" must now be added to those other words, of which "democracy" is the current conspicuous example, which have one meaning west of Berlin, another east of it.

Not at all. I was never so ambitious as to demand that Marxism should only be explained by Marxists, even though it might seem natural to go to chemists for an explanation of chemistry. I merely pointed out the simple fact that all six speakers were opponents of the Soviet Idea, and that most of them were rather notorious in other spheres as partisan propagandist opponents, e.g., Ewer, Deutscher, etc. To illustrate my point I gave the analogy:—

> If we wished to have a series of six Talks on the Christian religion, it would be rather odd to choose six atheists.

Of course, if this would be your commentator's definition of an "objective" treatment of Christianity, that it should only be given by atheists, he is entitled to his interpretation of the meaning of "objective"; but I imagine that the bishops would be quite annoyed if the B.B.C. were to adopt this method of handling all Christian themes in the name of "objectivity." If a series of six Talks were to be given on "the Conservative Idea," and the speakers chosen were a Liberal, a Fabian, a Labour M.P., a trade union leader, a Communist and an Anarchist, I suspect that the Conservative Party would object that their ideas were not being quite adequately presented. But in practice this method is only applied to Communism.

The fact is that on controversial subjects like the Soviet Union and Communism no one but a moron can be "neutral." The best course is to select competent representatives of different points of view, and let hearers judge for themselves. If, for example, three supporters and three opponents or critics had been chosen for this series of Talks, I should have had no valid ground for criticism. Alternatively, it would be possible to choose six representatives of a certain viewpoint to explain that viewpoint, not as "objective" spokesmen, but as competent exponents of that viewpoint. But it is merely silly to choose six avowed opponents of a given viewpoint and then present them as "objective" exponents of that viewpoint. My only reason for referring to such names as the Dean of Canterbury, Haldane, Levy or Dobb as possible participants who had not been invited, was not to insist that only such supporters should have been invited, but to meet the possible objection that no supporters could be found with adequate academic qualifications or expert knowledge.

I am only venturing to write to you on this small point of correction, because I fear that your critic's misconception may obscure a much larger issue—the very inadequate expression of the Marxist or Communist viewpoint on the radio at present. We all appreciate the difficulties of the B.B.C. under simultaneous criticism from the Left and from the Right. Those of us associated with the viewpoint I represent are grateful for the occasional very rare opportunities we obtain, mainly on the remoter programmes, Overseas, European or Third. If it were held that Communism is so insignificant and negligible as not to merit more time on the wireless, this would be understandable. But in fact an enormous amount of time, discussions, talks, etc., are in practice devoted to Communism, which turns up on almost every issue; only the bulk of hearers are never permitted to hear the Communist viewpoint. Even the Dean of Canterbury, who is not a Communist, but a Left representative and supporter of the Soviet Union, who on the basis of his books and activities has undoubtedly a very large public who would be glad to hear him, has frequently stated at public meetings that he is banned from speaking on the wireless. I have no means of knowing if this is correct, but it has not to my knowledge been publicly denied. It seems to me that this is an issue of public importance.

19 Whitehall Lodge, N.10. R. PALME DUTT

## MALAN AND RACIALISM

SIR,—It seems strange that your South African correspondent should write an article on his country's general election without once mentioning the numbers of people who voted on Malan's side or on Smuts's. If we are to form a correct estimate of South African opinion, it is surely of some importance to know that the two Smuts parties had a five-to-four majority in votes over the two Malan parties.

Moreover, the swing in public opinion towards racialism has not been as great as your correspondent implies.' Considering the two main groups only (the smaller parties and Independents do not substantially affect the argument), there has been a turnover of 8 per cent. of votes as compared with 1943. Consider


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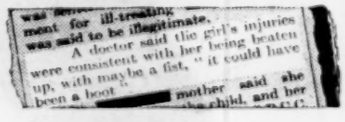
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ing that in 1943 the main election issue was participation in the war, Smuts's poll therefore being swollen by the votes of anti-Hitler people who would not have supported him on other grounds, we certainly cannot say that even 8 per cent. have become converted to Malan's racial policy. The figures for the two general elections are:—

| | 1943 | | 1948 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | votes | seats | votes | seats |
| U.P. & Labour | 524,420 | 98 | 547,437 | 71 |
| H.N.P. & A.P. | 311,961 | 43 | 442,338 | 79 |

When similar discrepancies between votes polled and seats obtained occur in this country, it is usual to blame the "split vote," but there was not one single split vote in South Africa. Nor is it true that Malan's advantage is due to his greater strength in the smaller constituencies: both in small constituencies and in large the minority has won a majority of seats. There is no escape from the conclusion that it is the voting system (the same voting system as in this country) which has given South Africans the opposite of what they voted for. ENID LAKEMAN

The Proportional Representation Society.

## DOGS OF WAR

SIR,—Dog-fights have more causes than Critic thinks. The present fighting in Kashmir, Greece and Palestine is not simply the result of capitalist competition; nor of innate doggy irritability.

But Critic's threefold classification is a good starting-point for discussion. I would like to make the following points:—

1. *Leashes.* True, there is no-one in charge of the bigger dogs—yet. But any student of dog-fights will tell you that big dogs are often more reluctant to fight than small dogs. Perhaps they are more responsible; perhaps they have less inferiority complex. Anyway, some of the bigger national dogs *are* willing to tie themselves up. This tendency should be encouraged by all dog-lovers.

2. *Bone Supply.* Production and distribution of bones can and will be improved if dogs (especially major bone-producing dogs) will take F.A.O., I.T.O., E.C.E. and other United Nations instruments seriously in the manner suggested by that very eminent Scottie, Sir John Boyd Orr.

3. *Doggone Quarrelsome Dogs.* Well-known vets, like Dr. Julian Huxley, tell us that quarrelsome dogs can be cured (a) by being given a sense of economic security (see Bone Supply, above); (b) by being brought into friendly contact with other dogs, and becoming accustomed to their strange ways and stranger smells. Dr. Huxley's Unesco and our own Associations are working on this.

United Nation's Association. ANDREW BOYD

## PRISON LIBRARIES

SIR,—May I, as a one-time guest of Holloway Prison for women, add the feminine point of view on Prison Libraries to that of A. J. L. and George Benson?

Allow me to say first that I personally received every consideration in my choice of books, as did every other prisoner who showed an obvious interest in literature. I was allowed to inspect the catalogue and list those books I required. I can say quite truthfully, that, in course of time, I was provided with every book that I requested.

One of my complaints, however, was the restriction upon the number of books that one could have at once. A. J. L. states that the men in prison were allowed three fiction and one educational book per week. Oh, happy males! We had to content ourselves with one fiction and one educational—which was rarely readable—for the first stage of the sentence; after which an extra book of fiction was allowed.

Mr. Benson mentions seeing a collection of poetic anthologies in one cell. These would probably be classed as educational matter for study, of which any number was allowed, and could be retained throughout the period of sentence. Other books under this heading included foreign grammar, dictionaries, books on shorthand, etc.

It must be remembered, however, that the average prisoner is not in the correct mental state to absorb knowledge. A gripping story will lift one out of the world of grim reality, but it is a most difficult task to discipline one's mind to learn a subject through the medium of some dull, and usually out-of-date, book. Try as one will one's mind will insist upon straying to thoughts of past mistakes and future problems.

In consequence when the prisoners finish their books they invariably commit one or the other of the following crimes. Either they exchange a book with another prisoner, or else they give vent to their repressed feelings by scribbling their thoughts on the walls of the cell, the pages of the books, or their toilet paper. The latter is the safest.

The uninitiated may feel surprised by this show of childishness in the desire to scribble, but it must be remembered that at the time of which I am speaking, that is two years ago, we were locked in for anything up to 19 hours a day in solitary confinement.

No human being can spend his time in simply drinking in other people's ideas. He has thoughts and desires of his own, and if he cannot voice them he must write them. A. J. L's allusion to the obscene drawings and indecent comments point to the trend of thought of some of the sexually repressed men. Women do not indulge so much in drawings, but I have read some written efforts which would make the average man's hair stand on end.

I agree with Mr. Benson that the shortage of toilet paper was the cause of a lot of the destruction of books—the official ration of toilet paper was one piece per day. But in Holloway one had also to contend with woman's desire to look her best under any circumstances, which, though it was good for morale, played havoc with the reading matter. Pages were ruthlessly torn from books with which to curl unmanageable hair, and no volume with a red cover was free from desecration if some fair maiden desired to touch up her lips or cheeks.

The enlightened authorities at last realised that no amount of punishment would stop women from making themselves as attractive as possible, and I believe that cosmetics are now allowed.

Newspapers were definitely taboo in Holloway, and this had a very bad effect upon the prisoner when she was discharged. One goes forth into the world with little enough confidence in oneself without having the added unnecessary burden of abysmal ignorance of current affairs.

At one time, each wing of the prison was provided with a radio set which was turned on for the news only. The announcer's voice boomed and echoed round the stone walls and not one word could be understood. I have shed tears of frustration at times as I have stood with my ear pressed to the spy hole in my door, trying to catch the unintelligible words. I was told that before the war the prison authorities had a paper printed which concerned itself only with current affairs. I sincerely hope that if this system has not yet come back into operation it will return in the very near future.

In closing I would like to say how much I appreciated the kindness and understanding that I personally received from the majority of the staff, and express my thanks to the library officer who ministered to my needs.

C. B.

## THE E.R.P. VOTE

SIR,—Last week in his column, Maurice Edelman clearly implied that the Members who voted against American aid were either Communists or Imperial isolationists. The further implication is that his two Labour colleagues, Solley and I, who could not be classified as Imperial isolationists, must necessarily be "crypto-Communists" or "fellow-travellers," to borrow the sneering epithets now fashionable with world reaction.

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to realise that a Socialist member of the Labour Party could feel so strongly about the subservience of British economy to that of competitive American capitalism resulting in disaster to the nation and to Socialism, that he might feel it his duty to go on record against it.

It is to be hoped that writers in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will not join the general conspiracy to destroy every vestige of genuine Socialism in the Labour Party by labelling it "crypto-Communism," and by jeering at its exponents as "fellow-travellers."

House of Commons. LESTER HUTCHINSON

## CHURCH DOCTRINE

SIR,—Critic seems to think it impossible to listen with respect to a priest reading the Sermon on the Mount. And why? Because the listener knows that atom bombs are being made for use. They are—and that lamentable fact I do not deny.

But even so—and perhaps more especially because of the atom bomb—I can understand anyone listening to the reading of the Sermon on the Mount with deep shame that we so far fall short of it: or with mortification that we lack the inspiration to carry it into effect. We may even deplore the fact that the Church speaks with a divided voice on how it ought to be interpreted. But listen without respect? Surely not. After all, the Church does consist of mortal men who are making some attempt at least to live by the standards which it advocates.

I submit that we need far more reading of the Sermon. The more people there are who can be persuaded to listen to it, the better, for was it not Blake who said: "Man must and will have some religion. If he has not the religion of Jesus, he will have the religion of the devil . . ."? I believe that our present discontents arise in no small degree from the fact that we have in large measure overthrown an "absolute" standard of conduct—we lack an adequate yard-stick with which to judge motives and actions. I hold that the religion of Jesus provides such a standard, and events since 1939 in particular illustrate the truth of Blake's words.

The decline in Church membership is due, of course, to many causes. It may be, perhaps, because its demands are too high: it may be because "Christianity has been found hard and not tried," but it is certainly not because Christianity is irrelevant. Of course it is not, and I believe "it has all the answers." But what does Critic expect? A Divine intervention? I doubt it. Christianity is not a kind of remedy to be resorted to when all else fails, nor is it a panacea to be applied when things get out of hand. If men generally insist upon trying to run the world in contradiction of the teaching of Jesus (Sermon on the Mount included) and in a spirit quite different from his, then of course they get into a mess. If the outcome prove to be the destruction of our civilisation and the onset of a new Dark Age, that will not prove the irrelevance of Christianity, but quite the contrary. The Church is, and will be entitled to say: "We told you so."

But it won't—it will go on proclaiming the truth contained in Jesus and his teaching in the hope that men will come to their senses, listen and act upon what they hear. When that happens we may expect to see the beginning of the end of tribulation, but not until then. GERALD COOPER

## "APPEASEMENT"

SIR,—In your comment on Count Bernadotte's proposals last week you say ". . . yet another attempt to achieve American consent for the appeasement of the Arab League will have been shattered." This is not the first time you have used the word "appeasement" to describe any and every small concession to the Arab point of view. Every time that anybody shows any inclination to recognise that the Arabs have certain rights and some justice on their side you seize the Munich brush and splash on the word "appeasement" as though the Arabs were not entitled to any consideration on grounds of morality, and every little crumb of recognition they succeeded in obtaining for their case was merely a surrender to blackmail, and as though everything secured by the Zionists from Britain, America and the United Nations was the just desert of indisputable right and had no connection with International Zionist power and particularly with Jewish influence in the United States.

It is easy to achieve an emotional effect by the misuse of an emotionally charged word. E. ATIYAH

The Arab Office. *Secretary*

[The Arab League has attempted by force of arms to nullify the decision of the U.N. Assembly on Palestine. Surrender to force under such conditions is often called appeasement, but we agree that this word is much abused and better avoided.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## OXFORD

SIR,—I am not competent to discuss the relation between Fascism and Positivism at Oxford: but in other respects your contributor, Oxonian, appears to be misinformed about life at the University so far as many years' uninterrupted residence there qualifies me to judge. First, he says that Fascism is prevalent. During the last two years I have only heard of two individual undergraduates who were Fascists. On the other hand, any remark in favour of individual liberty and intellectual freedom will always rouse applause from undergraduate audiences.

Again, Oxonian says that there is no interest in poetry. The precise contrary is the truth. Lectures on poetry, whether useful for examinations or not, attract larger audiencies than ever before in my memory; societies for discussing and reading poetry flourish: and the last term an unprecedented number of poetic plays were performed by members of the University.

Finally, Oxonian alleges that the predominating point of view is "technical and pragmatic." How then does he account for the most significant feature of University intellectual life, the revival of interest in religion? Twenty years ago it was rare for the more thoughtful undergraduate to be religious. Now it is common; and their religion is not vague and qualified but theological, sacramental and supernatural. Even the unreligious are sympathetically interested in the subject; the works of such writers as Charles Williams, Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. C. S. Lewis are widely read and strongly influential. In fact, so far from Oxford being Fascist, materialist and philistine, it is the place where the ancient English traditions of liberty, poetry and piety are still most actively living. Oxonian should learn that it is unwise to generalise about a community in which one has only spent a week-end. DAVID CECIL

New College, Oxford.

## ENLIGHTENMENT

SIR,—

Full oft hath Sagittarius
With prose and lyrics various
Aroused my mirth hilarious,
In short, I am a fan.
So dense it seems absurd to be
(There came no little bird to me),
It never once occurred to me
To doubt it was a man.

But now, to my astonishment,
I'm told, with deep admonishment
(And divers hints of punishment),
There's something I forgot.
This fact I'm bidden ponder on—
The Sign the name is founded on
Shows clear enough an Amazon—
A woman wrote the lot!

Despite the threat of Nemesis
The news to me no menace is
But to fresh joy a genesis.
In future I shall hail—
Whenever forth my laughter rings—
The fact that Woman ever stings
In satire, as in other things,
More shrewdly than the male!

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

How far every individual gets the kind of life that suits him (which may be a very different thing from the kind of life to which he believes himself best suited) is a problem that seems to defy solution, but provides the speculative biographer with much harmless entertainment. Powerful as are the effects of chance, at least as powerful is the propensity of the individual towards certain situations, certain types of experience or modes of private suffering. The pattern of every life is to some extent repetitive—the same protagonists re-appear in the same emotional dramas; and the element of repetition can only be explained if we assume that not a few of our most spectacular misfortunes have been obscurely willed and welcomed, that they may satisfy a need deeper and more enduring than the ordinary human demand for security and happiness. Byron, a writer whose work—particularly his prose work—contains many unexpected flashes of psychological insight, acknowledged the omnipotence of the Goddess Fortune, yet was prepared to admit that the disasters against which he complained bitterly and lengthily had been very largely self-induced. True, there was that in his fate which he felt he could not control: his "inheritance of storms" roared always close behind him: but he was obliged to confess that he had courted catastrophe, and that it was he who had invoked the tempest which, when it finally burst over his head, had swept him into exile:

> I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
> The careful pilot of my proper woe

he wrote in 1816. If he had suffered, had he not wished to suffer? But he was seldom consistent for any length of time; and, five tumultuous years later, as he scribbled his *Detached Thoughts*, he asked himself whether commonplace domesticity, the sort of life he had always abhorred and energetically avoided, was really foreign to his temperament. Yes, he supposed so—with a lazily nostalgic sigh: "I doubt sometimes (he observed) whether, after all, a quiet and unagitated life would have suited me: yet I sometimes long for it." Looking back and weighing the circumstances, we cannot agree that Byron and the domestic virtues could ever have been reconciled—the forces of the opposition were far too strong and numerous; but we must not forget that, until the very end of his days, he continued, though intermittently and half-heartedly, to yearn for humdrum quietude. He had given up hope of Augusta Leigh, for whom his affection had been prosaic and pure as well as perverse and passionate, and at whose side, as he once informed her, he might have sunk into placid retirement, an old bachelor with an old maid, "so single and so happy . . ."; but he did not quite abandon the idea that he would at last return to England, come to terms with his mathematical wife and restore to "Little Legitimacy" her long-lost errant father.

Byron's nature was explosive and self-destructive: it was essential to his fulfilment that he should conduct his career extravagantly and spend his talents lavishly. The *Two Quiet Lives** described by Lord David Cecil are illustrations, exceedingly meritorious in their own way, of how spiritual energy may be conserved, and imaginative gifts turned to the utmost possible advantage. Each essay is the portrait of *une âme bien née*. Dorothy Osborne had the aristocratic virtues of her century and social background, to which her peculiar temperament added a spiritual distinction; while Thomas Gray, though his antecedents had been less dignified and his early circumstances more unkindly, raised good breeding to the height of a literary grace, yet never allowed it to impede the operations, or quell the liveliness, of an exquisite poetic genius. Each existed with the help of a set of rules; whereas in Byron's existence rules and limitations were promulgated only to be broken through. Nor were these rules merely an artificial restraint. Both seem early to have come to the conclusion that life would have been impracticable or intolerable had they attempted to conduct it by any other method. They felt a deep need for the support of some exterior discipline; Dorothy discovered it in her devotion to her family which, year after year, enabled her to withstand—or did it excuse her for withstanding?—her impetuous lover's wishes; and Gray, in the creation of the cloistered universe he built around himself at Cambridge, among his flowers and his books and the thousand-and-one small habits by which he sought to guard his peace of mind. Both achieved the reward they sought—Dorothy Osborne married William Temple, with the consciousness that, in spite of the claims of love, she had not failed to do her duty; and Gray, whose experiences of love were brief and cruel and inconclusive, satisfied his appetite for unearthly perfection in the few precious, unforgettable poems that secured his immortality.

To this extent their lives were undoubtedly tranquil, and have a dignity beyond the grasp of noisier, more adventurous characters. Yet "quiet" is a relative term; and their biographer shows us again and again that, far from being a fortunate accident, the peace they enjoyed was produced from within and only maintained at the cost of exhausting inward struggles. Dorothy Osborne was never vulgarly rash: Gray was never thoughtless: but neither was incapable of passionate feeling, and there were stages in the career of each when passion threatened to tear away every support on which they rested. Dorothy Osborne's rigorous self-control was often close to breaking point. Under the spell of Charles Victor de Bonstetten, Gray for a few intoxicating weeks abandoned—or came near to abandoning—the caution of a lifetime.

> For twenty-eight years [writes his biographer] Gray had contrived by vigilant care to keep his deeper emotions unstirred. And now at fifty-two he was the helpless victim of an infatuation as vain as it was irresistible. For what satisfaction could he hope for from a romantic attachment to a youth of twenty-two, restless, sociable, and whose home was in Switzerland? . . .

The letters with which the poet pursued his beloved friend across Europe make painful, fascinating reading. If he did not altogether lose his head—as the aged Madame du Deffand lost her head about Gray's mercurial young patron, Horace Walpole, or as the aged Walpole was to lose his about the beautiful Miss Berry—he no longer endeavoured either to suppress his emotions or to sublimate their violence:

> Alas! [he complained to Bonstetten] how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read: *Ce n'est pas le voir que de s'en souvenir*. And yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a perpetual conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there on the corner of the fender you are standing or tinkling on the pianoforte or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you . . .

The miseries of separation were further sharpened by the pangs of apprehensive jealousy. Bonstetten was regrettably fond of women: he loved company and dissipation; and he was now at large, exposed to all the temptations of European cities:

> Shall the jargon of French sophists, the allurements of painted woman *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty . . . induce you to give up a mind and a body, by nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease and vain remorse? Have a care, my ever amiable friend [Gray pleaded] of loving what you do not approve.

Yet the frenzy passed. Gray's faculty of self-command had been too laboriously acquired, and was too necessary a part of his constitution, to suffer shipwreck in a few weeks. He soon reassumed his habitual way of life, "read, made notes, took his daily walk to the Botanical Gardens, dosed himself with sage tea . . . composed letters to his friends in which, as before, disquisitions on subjects of literary and historical interest are relieved by delicately drawn glimpses of landscape and flashes of urbane humour." He even learned to criticise Bonstetten, to laugh gently at the young man's fits of despair, when, sickened by the dullness of Swiss society, he talked of "*un pistolet et du courage*" as sovereign remedies for world-disgust. In fact, he recovered his equipoise; but under the surface a disturbance had been begun that all the consolations of philosophy failed wholly to eradicate. With courage and resolution, Gray, a naturally melancholic man, had imposed upon his mind a certain superficial cheerfulness. The cheerfulness had eventually failed; a recurrent physical malady grew more and more distressing; and during the summer of 1771 the elaborately composed, carefully balanced organism called Thomas Gray approached a final break-up. If he had never relished life, as Byron relished it, the pleasures he derived from experience, mixed though they were with regret and melancholy and endless nervous scruples, had stimulated him as intensely and filled him as completely. Faced with the prospect of extinction, he found them as difficult to cast aside:

> For who, to dumb forgetfulness, a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

Of his two studies—subtle and sympathetic essays in personal analysis—Lord David Cecil's portrait of the Caroline letter-writer is obviously much less interesting than that of the Georgian poet. Gray was a man of genius: Dorothy Osborne, a woman of uncommon sensibility whom the feathers of the wing-tip of genius had lightly brushed in passing. She existed as a writer only so long as she had a love-affair to write about: once her aspirations had been consummated—though, alas, they were not consummated until she had lost her beauty—she withdrew into decorous private life, became an exemplary ambassadress, "Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise and great," the consort of Swift's employer and the *châtelaine* of Moor Park. Were they alike in any important respect, cleverly as their latest biographer has done his best to link them? To Lord David they are kindred spirits because neither their virtues nor their shortcomings were those popular with the present age. They abhorred corporate activities, and set no store by social usefulness; but they "never committed the blasphemy of thinking human existence adequate to satisfy the aspirations of the soul. Whatever their defects, they were never hard or shallow or godless." Byron, indeed, to whom Mr. C. E. Vulliamy has devoted a brisk and argumentative, if not especially illuminating, volume,† was at once a more ostentatious, more indefensible and far more modern personage. Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray worked hard to subdue their own interior discords: Byron recognised the chaos in his composition, declined to discipline or ignore it, and gave it vehement utterance. He was a prophet of the 19th century which, struggling to build on the ruins of the feudal system a new enlightened order, gradually conducted us to the supreme disorder of the 20th. All three were products of their period, influenced by the mood of their age, just as their private careers were moulded or distorted by accidental circumstance; yet all three lives show the effect of individual shaping. The literary results were complex and remarkable. Dorothy Osborne's letters are minor masterpieces of lucidity and tenderness: Gray's poems are the image of his character—grave and restrained and harmonious, with an undercurrent of emotional frustration and dark romantic melancholy: Byron's life-work was a dramatic confusion, in which a series of significant images appear and disappear. What a piece of work is a human being! *Whose* work, upon the other hand?—a question that the art of biography constantly proposes but can never hope to answer.

PETER QUENNELL

* *Two Quiet Lives*. By DAVID CECIL. *Constable*. 12s. 6d.

† *Byron*. By C. E. VULLIAMY. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

## OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE.

**The Second World War.** By Major-General J. E. C. FULLER. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 21s.

**The Other Side of the Hill.** By B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

"That the political point of view should end completely when war begins is only conceivable in contests which are wars of life and death, from pure hatred. . . . For policy has declared the war; it is the intelligent faculty, war only the instrument, and not the reverse. The subordination of the military point of view to the political is the only thing possible."

The writer of these words was still imbued with the optimism of the *Aufklärung*. Clausewitz has earned the reputation of a ruthless militarist. But, compared with the politicians of to-day, he was a liberal who believed that, since men are rational, wars must be a continuation of policy by other means, a rational method of achieving limited ends.

General Fuller is a modern Clausewitz. In his *Second World War* he measures Anglo-American strategy by classical militarist standards and finds it wanting in rationality. The Western Powers, he concludes, permitted policy to become the instrument of strategy and committed the cardinal crime of accepting the destruction of the enemy as an end in itself. To illustrate this sombre moral, he analyses the campaigns from 1939 to 1945, both in Europe and the Pacific.

*The Second World War* is too polemical to be regarded as military history. "Fuller's Commentaries" would be a more descriptive title. Fuller first took the Fascist line because he despised the "cadocracy" which is driving gentlemen out of politics and subjecting soldiers to the orders of demagogues, blind to morality and reason. What most excites his prophetic scorn is the fact that war has ceased to be a surgical operation, designed to achieve a precise end by the most economic means, and has become an end in itself. Churchill, he argues, destroyed Germany, though Britain needed her to keep Russia out of Europe; and, on the tactical level, Montgomery pounded Caen to pieces, killing some 3,000 French civilians, though by so doing he merely delayed the advance of his troops. Ironically, General Fuller contrasts this "democratic" strategy with that used in the German invasion of France in 1940:

> Setting moral considerations aside, the strength of Hitler's war policy lay in its constructiveness, whereas the weakness of his adversaries lay in its destructiveness. His aim was economic, the establishment of a German Lebensraum; theirs was ideological, the destruction of a political creed. In this campaign, the most successful the Germans fought, we find little bombing of cities, little destruction of enemy economic resources, and on the whole, a minimum loss of life, German and enemy. . . . The reason was not altruistic but purely selfish, to knead all Occupied France into one great industrial, commercial and agricultural plantation, forming part of the German New Economic Order . . . and they did this at a ridiculously low loss in life and limb.

It must be observed that, even if this is true of German strategy in the West, it does not apply to their methods in Russia. Crusading against Communism, they merely destroyed the Lebensraum which their armies had won.

It is interesting to compare General Fuller's views with those of the German General Staff. In *The Other Side of the Hill*, Mr. Liddell Hart has given us a running commentary on the war as seen by certain members of it and told to him during their captivity in England. It is a pity that he has not emphasised more frequently the extremely subjective nature of opinions expressed by staff officers in such conditions. The atmosphere of a prison camp breeds a mood of self-exculpation which distorts memory in order to preserve self-esteem. Stories are improved in the re-telling, when unchecked by documentation. *The Other Side of the Hill* is not the war seen through German military spectacles, but the war seen through the spectacles of defeated officers in captivity, which is a very different thing. But this is my one reservation about a fascinating book which reveals much about the relationship between the German General Staff and the Nazi leadership.

One legend which it finally explodes is that Hitler was only a politician, and that his assumption of command in the critical winter of 1941 was an unmitigated disaster for the German war machine. Actually, Hitler had to overrule his elderly generals in planning the Norwegian and French campaigns, and his "hunch" about the Normandy landings was right, whereas Rundstedt's was wrong. Even the refusal to permit commanders in the field to retreat on their own initiative, which spelled disaster at Stalingrad, saved the German Army during the first Russian winter. Hitler's concentration of control at the O.K.W. was the cause of countless tactical mistakes, but it probably prolonged the war more successfully than the Generals would have done had they been left to their own devices. An interesting chapter on the German view of the Red Army discloses that the Russians evolved a very similar type of centralised leadership which effectively prevented commanders in the field from acting on their own initiative. In a total war, independent thought is nearly always subversive, since it may lead too easily to doubt whether the war itself is worth while. How right Hitler was not to trust his generals was shown by the conspiracy of June 20th.

The fact is that total war cannot be conducted by the old type of professional soldier of which Rundstedt—Liddell Hart's favourite German—and Fuller are examples. Precisely because it is total it offends his artistic sense and his code of honour. Instead of expressing his personality in a battle of wits against an enemy trained in the same tradition, he finds himself the servant of a senseless juggernaut, controlled by the politician, the scientist and the planner. Like the professional diplomat, he belongs to a dying civilisation. That is why during the Second World War the professional soldier on both sides tended to become a "pacifist," sceptical of the crusade which the politicians preached, and sometimes ready to do a deal with his opposite number in order to avoid an unnecessary campaign. The German Generals were nearly as defeatist as the French—until Hitler proved them wrong! The British and American Generals arranged the Darlan affair, and were ready to accept the surrender of Badoglio long before the invasion of Sicily if the politicians and public opinion had not forbidden it as "immoral." In Russia most of the Generals had been liquidated before the war started, because they, too, were unreliable. This is not a mere accident. To-day the code of honour of the professional soldier is in conflict with the crusading spirit of total war, which reached its Fascist climax in the gas chambers of Auschwitz and its democratic in the radio-active ruins of Hiroshima.

Only in the Libyan desert were these two concepts reconciled. About the North African campaign both Fuller and Liddell Hart can write with genuine enthusiasm. Here war could still be fought according to the old-fashioned rules. There were no civilians to organise for partisan warfare behind the enemy lines, or to execute behind your own because they had participated in it. There were no cities to pound to pieces by strategic bombing. In Libya it was not considered dishonourable to admire your enemy or to entertain him to dinner if you captured him. Because small armies were engaged in a skilful war of manœuvre, "civilised" battles were


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## NEW NOVELS

**Bernard Clayre.** By JAMES T. FARRELL. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

**A Hard Winter.** By RAYMOND QUENEAU. Translated by Betty Askwith. *Lehmann.* 8s. 6d.

**Chrysantha.** By MARGARET DRAKE. *Bodley Head.* 9s. 6d.

**Mathilde:** By LEONHARD FRANK. Translated by Willard R. Trask. *Peter Davies.* 10s. 6d.

James T. Farrell is a novelist of some reputation: *Studs Lonigan,* his trilogy of hoodlum life in Chicago, has been called "the most impressive study of degeneration since Zola's *L'Assommoir*," and when, in 1936, he ventured into autobiographical fiction, he was congratulated upon the successful handling of a theme that had "in a measure evaded both Joyce and Wolfe." Whether or not *Bernard Clayre,* his latest book, is intended as a continuation of this theme—and it seems probable—the novel comes so well accredited that we could reasonably have expected something good. But this is hardly the case. Indeed, unless the prospective reader is given some warning of what lies in front of him he is liable to take some very heavy punishment.

He should understand that Bernard Clayre is a young man from Chicago with literary ambitions; he is twenty-one, the year is 1927, and the scene is New York, where we first discover him writing a short story in the Public Library. (His doodlings are reproduced facsimile over two pages!) Subsequently he works as an assistant in a cigar store and as an advertising salesman, he has an affair with a married woman, gets very embittered with the various aspects of existence that strike his unformed mind, drinks a great deal of Prohibition liquor and eventually returns to Chicago where, I greatly fear, we have not heard the last of him. The narrative is handled in such a way that there seems little reason why the succession of incidents should ever come to an end.

It is said (though whether this is fact or fiction I do not know) that if you hold a chicken with its beak to the ground and ask someone to make a chalk mark in front of it, the chicken will not, when released, be able to rise. Mr. Farrell's capacity for stating the ordinary at such length is just such a chalk line and one does not wish to detract from the achievement as such. One hesitates to compare the reader with a chicken, but, at the very least, a reviewer should make it clear that he is not going to play the part of Mr. Farrell's accomplice and hold anyone down while the mesmerising process is put under way. It is dangerously easy in this novel to succumb to the hypnotised melancholy of that least worthy of all inducements to push on with the reading: the expectation that something will eventually happen to show why the novel was thought worth the labour of writing. Be warned. It never does.

To the inexperienced eye a thoroughbred racehorse looks much too thin to be healthy. One can make the same mistake over good writing. Raymond Queneau's *A Hard Winter* is only half the length of an average novel, but it is twice as effective. The speed, grace and intelligence of the writing give shock after shock of pleasure. Each page is vibrant with personality, and one is so keenly taken up by one's tingling response that (though this seems a paradoxical thing to say) one hardly seems to notice what the book is about. It is not only a paradoxical thing to say, it is a little stupid. But it does serve to emphasise that *A Hard Winter* is a book of manner rather than matter. At the end one can relax and say, "Oh, yes, it was about Le Havre in 1916, there was an embittered but humorous man called Lehameau who had been wounded in the war, he had a love affair with an English W.A.A.C. and great tenderness for a girl of thirteen; and there was a spy, and a woman who kept a second-hand bookshop"—and so on. But it sounds absurdly ineffective as a tribute to a pleasurable reading experience. The story will stand re-reading, and when one can say that about a book it is clear that its merit depends on something other than the mere events it chronicles.

And so, though for very different reasons, is a first novel called *Chrysantha* by Margaret Drake. I hesitate to say that it is cast in the form of a young woman's journal, for such a statement might at once arouse unfortunate, and even painful, reading memories; but it has to be said, for it is the truth. All the more need, then, to emphasise that it is very good fun. "A most upsetting thing has happened," we find Chrysantha writing on the first page, "I have begun reading about psycho-analysis and I am appalled." She is a bewitching combination of naivety and intelligence, an angel of innocence who rushes in where fools have feared to tread; and, as frequently happens on such occasions, she incurs the charge of not being innocent at all, but of being shrewd and calculating in rather an original way.

But this is malice. Chrysantha is upset by the findings of psycho-analysis; she *does* want to learn how to charm men because she feels she has not the gift by nature; she is interested in geology and not the professor who teaches it, and, what is more than all this, she is imaginative to the degree of being psychic. No wonder the Debonair Young Scientist falls in love with her. This D.Y.S. has, by the way, a sinister personal problem; any sort of emotional upheaval is liable to turn him into a lunatic. But Crysantha (with one or other of her many gifts) manages to get this business straightened out in a completely satisfactory manner, and they marry with the earnest expectation of having children with either wings or tails; certainly something quite out of the ordinary. Truth to tell, the characters in the story (with the exception of Chrysantha herself) might well have stepped straight out a serial in a woman's magazine, and Miss Drake has an amiable weakness for farce. But this does not matter in the least. Chrysantha spins entertainment like a spider spinning a web—and she certainly caught me.

There is all the difference in the world between the desire to write one particular, inescapable story and the desire just—well, to write! More important, there is frequently a great difference between the results. Leonhard Frank wrote *Carl and Anna* because it insisted on being written, and the result was memorable. But *Mathilde,* his latest novel, was probably written for no such good reason. "I must write a novel. What shall it be about?" we seem to hear Herr Frank saying from his exile in America. Circumstances are so much against him—his affinities are with the peasant writer who draws inspiration from the day-to-day life going on around him—that one would like to salute *Mathilde* as an achievement. Unfortunately, this is not possible. It is the story of a rather nice girl who married the wrong man, divorced him and then married the right one. The material is very, very thin, and, perfectly conscious of the fact, Herr Frank has quite gratuitously slipped in a few combat scenes from the late war, allowed some of his characters to make quite unworthy comments on the opening of the Second Front and (since the story is set in Switzerland) slapped on the local colour with such indiscriminate vigour that one feels his study must have been lined with travel posters.

P. H. NEWBY


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**The English Game.** An Anthology. Edited by Gerald Brodribb. *Hollis & Carter.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
**Cricket My World.** By WALTER R. HAMMOND. *Stanley Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
**46 Not Out.** By R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW. *Hollis & Carter.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Whimsy and facetiousness are the two vices of the English sports writer; and sailing and cricket are the two branches of sport which more than any others seem to invite them. It is pleasant then to be able to recommend four books on cricket remarkably free from these disfigurements. Mr. John Arlott, himself a writer who can claim to be exempt from them, here presents three classics on the early history of the game, John Nyren's "Cricketers of My Time," James Pycroft's "Cricket Field," and less interesting, a review by the Rev. John Mitford from *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1883. Early cricketers seem to have been drawn largely from yeomen, farmers, bakers, gamekeepers, with a sprinkling of country squires; and something of the stocky independence and spiky individualism of this class carries over into the writing of their contemporaries which has the amusing quirks and the rough tang of genuine country invective. Here, for instance, is Nyren on an early member of the Hambledon Club:

> And now for those anointed clod-stumpers, the Walkers, Tom and Harry. Never sure came two such unadulterated rustics into a civilized community. How strongly are the figures of the men (of Tom's in particular) brought to my mind when they first presented themselves to the club, upon Windmill-down. Tom's hard, ungain, scrag-of-mutton frame; wilted, apple-john face (he always looked twenty years older than he really was), his long spider legs, as thick at the ankles as at the hips, and perfectly straight all the way down . . .
> Tom was the driest and most rigid-limbed chap I ever knew; his skin was like the rind of an old oak, and as sapless. I have seen his knuckles handsomely knocked about from Harris's bowling; but never saw any blood upon his hands . . .
> This rigidity of muscle (or rather I should say of tendon, for muscle was another ingredient economized in the process of Tom's configuration)—this rigidity, I say, was carried into every motion. He moved like the rude machinery of a steam engine in the infancy of construction, and when he ran, every member seemed ready to fly to the four winds. He toiled like a tar on horseback.

These three classics combine to tell the history of cricket from its first organized days at Hambledon at the end of the eighteenth century to the establishment of the Marylebone Club at Lords; a second volume, The Middle Ages of Cricket, is promised. These old histories will please many cricketers. For cricketers, as a class, immensely enjoy the anecdotage of their game, and can apparently spend happy hours poring over the records, of stands, of lengths of hits, of notable feats and extraordinary events; just as they can also gossip endlessly about personalities and appearances, and analyse with the pertinacity of Schoolmen the science, the meaning of "flight," or the cause of "swing," and argue like sea-lawyers over the niceties of the rules. A comprehensive anthology, *The English Game*, will afford them a lot of interesting material; this has been compiled with considerable discrimination by Mr. Gerald Brodribb. It would be the grossest partisanship to pretend that cricket occupies a large place in English literature; and most of Mr. Brodribb's extracts are from specialists on the game who are at their best when they are being technical, and from essayists who are at their worst when they are being lyrical. But he has managed to ferret out references from a surprisingly assorted number of writers; for instance, I wonder who could assign each of the following to their authors:

> He hates your modern billiard table pitch, and a batting of dexterous snickery. He likes "character" in a game, gigantic hitting forward, bowler-planned leg catches, a cunning obliquity in a wicket that would send the ball mysteriously askew.

> Yesterday I got a black eye—first time I took a cricket bat. Brown who is always one's friend in a disaster, applied a leech to the eyelid and there is no inflammation this morning, though the ball hit me on the sight—'twas a white ball. I am glad it was not a clout.

> The ball indeed was dropping straight into the long-hit-off. Instantly a thunder rolled, but it was Beckley that took the joyful treble—Fallowfield the deeply cursing bass; the long-hit-off, he who never was known to miss a catch—butter-fingered beast!—he has let the ball slip through his fingers.

> The fellows were practising long shies and bowling lobs and slow twisters. In the soft grey silence you could hear the bump of the balls: and from here and from there through the quiet air the sound of the cricket-bats: pick, pack, pock, puck: like drops of water in a fountain falling softly in the brimming bowl.

These—but I must repeat that they are not representative—are by H. G. Wells, Keats, George Meredith and James Joyce.

Mr. W. R. Hammond's book is really a sort of prolonged gossip column conducting us to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, the West Indies and so back to England. As such it is most readable. Mr. Hammond can tell an anecdote crisply, and owns a lively eye for detail and a useful memory. Mr. Robertson-Glasgow is often quoted in *The English Game*. His autobiography, *46 Not out*, is by no means all about cricket. But the greater part of it is.

As a writer he bears some resemblance to the old John Nyren in his sharp eye for personal idiosyncrasies and his enjoyment of the individual in behaviour and mannerism; and since the youthful eye magnifies naturally, his schoolmasters and dons are his richest portraits. Here is an old form master:

> The names of the villains in our history or reading he rolled with a sinister menace that fixed their wickedness forever in the mind. There was "that rogue Tissa-Phern-es," capable of an abandoned duplicity scarcely paralleled in ancient times." But even he gave place to "that monster Heli-o-gaba-*lus*, on whose debauched countenance was printed every sign of folly and vice." Here he would cast his Cyclopean gaze round the Form, as if expecting to find some rival in folly, if not in vice, then sigh, and mutter "Ah! not yet quite, perhaps."

This descriptive and anecdotal gift Mr. Robertson-Glasgow takes with him to Oxford, to County and Test Match cricket, and eventually to *The Morning Post* where he exercised it on his fellow journalists, and on players and spectators alike.

THOMAS SMALLBONES.

## THE HEROIC AGE

**South With Mawson.** By CHARLES E. LASERON. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Australian expedition to Adelie Land in the Antarctic, which Sir Douglas Mawson led in 1911-12, was almost the last—it coincided in time with the Scott and Amundsen expeditions to the South Pole—of the lonely and arduous polar ventures which have produced a literature of their own. One may truly speak, without the modest inverted commas of Mr. Laseron, of the heroic age of exploring. After the interruption caused by the First World War, advances in technology revolutionised exploration. Aeroplanes survey mountain ranges whose existence was conjectural; ice tractors eat up distances once covered on foot or by dog-drawn sledge; wireless relegates to the past the most poignant aspect of exploration, the long anxious waiting for overdue travellers who might be—as the exhausted


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Mawson was on his last journey—two miles from their rescuers but invisible through the blizzard. So, before the heroic age slides into mythology, it is well that Mr. Laseron has decided to supplement the drier accounts of this eventful expedition written by Mawson himself and by Bage.

The Australian expedition was not only rich in drama; it was historically important and scientifically of the highest value. In geography, zoology, and terrestrial magnetism fertile discoveries were made. Mr. Laseron outlines this work, and also gives a vivid picture of the climatic peculiarities of the region. Antarctica is certainly the most inhospitable of continents, and it is hard to see, whatever the progress of science, how it can be settled with colonies fitted to tap its mineral wealth. The flowers and forests that relieve the life of the Arctic explorer are here totally absent. Pack-ice makes navigation a nightmare, landing places may be 1,500 miles apart, and the shifting snow would be very hostile to the building of permanent airfields. Above all the constant ferocious winds make life almost insupportable. Mr. Laseron apologises for the mention of the wind on nearly every page of his book; but this forced repetition, together with his fine description of the eerie silence and the beating on the ear-drums when the wind occasionally drops, admirably conveys the way in which wind dominated the lives of the explorers. Figures ram home the point. In the worst gale recorded at Sydney, regarded as a severe visitation, the wind averaged 28.4 miles per hour for 24 hours. At the Adelie Land camp, the average speed was 44 for the entire stay of nine months; for one fortnight the daily average never fell below 70; and on the worst day the 24-hour average was 90.1. Mr. Laseron comments that, since the pressure of wind increases as the square of its velocity, a modern city would be levelled to its foundations before such a blast.

After a somewhat too long account of the preliminaries to the expedition, and of the winter confined to the hut, the book narrates the experiences and hazards of five forays into the unknown, the author having gone on two of them himself. Connoisseurs of Polar adventure will find these journeys equal to the best. The last chapter rises to a climax with the exciting story of Mawson's twenty-two days alone in the advancing winter. In terse and unemotional language, Mr. Laseron transmits the sense of heroism as, day by day, Mawson, who had abandoned all hope of reaching safety, hesitates between a painless suicide and a struggle to leave his body and his records within reach of search parties. His miraculous arrival at the base, only to see the disappearing smoke of the steamer and face another winter in the Antarctic, is surely one of the epics of exploration.

Mr. Laseron employs the style which seems to come naturally to all contributors to the distinctive literature of polar exploration: simple, artless, effective at all important moments, repetitive, and inarticulate in the sense that explorers are bad at knowing what things will be interesting to armchair readers and what will not. Nowhere in this literature, to my knowledge, is there a full definition of what makes people want to be explorers; Mr. Laseron thinks it self-evident that any young man would aspire to spend six months immured in a hut in perpetual darkness isolated not only from the normal world but also from any chance of leaving the hut for more than a quick and freezing dash to the thermometer and the wind-recorder. And, as in all these books, there are long pages of the practical jokes, amateur entertainments, and pointless anecdotes—reminiscent of the prisoner of war camp and really a regression to boyhood—which, perhaps, combine to give some picture of the incommunicable life of the hut, but which can only be lost on the reader and are therefore boring.

The reader is given little insight into the characters of the explorers. Mr. Laseron does his best to give pen-pictures, but these are based on the behaviour of the men while actually on the expedition when their character falls merely into one of two categories: the "always a smile" or "the devoted-and-never-spared himself." Since Mr. Laseron knew some of his comrades before the expedition and has kept up with them since, one might expect something more individual; but he too is wrapped up in the traditions of this literature. The figure of Mawson himself is particularly shadowy. The photographs, mostly taken by the author, are excellent.

MERVYN JONES

## JOHN LAW

**The Amazing Story of John Law.** By H. MONTGOMERY HYDE. *Home and Van Thal.* 16s.

The common reader vaguely remembers John Law as an adventurer and charlatan who ruined the finances of France by creating a disastrous inflation and was responsible for the French equivalent of the South Sea Bubble. Mr. Montgomery Hyde shows that this view of Law is very far from the truth. Law was not a charlatan, or even a crank, but a financier of genius, and, by the standards of his day, an exceptionally honest character. It is true that he began his career by breaking gaol after having the misfortune to kill another gentleman in a duel, and that during the long exile that followed he supported himself mainly by gambling, at which his intuitive insight into the laws of chance enabled him to make a steady income. But the "system" which he introduced in France was designed for the public benefit, and its principles were essentially sound. The main point about it was the use of paper currency in place of specie. Nor was the Mississippi Company a flat-catching scheme such as those which emerged in the South Sea Bubble, but a genuine project for colonial development.

In his early wanderings Law studied the working of the Bank of Amsterdam, and the essential principle of modern banking dawned upon his mind.

> So far as they lend they add to the money which brings a profit to the country by employing more people and extending trade: they add to the money to be lent, whereby it is easier borrowed and at less use (i.e., at cover interest), and the bank has a benefit. But the bank is less sure (i.e., secure), and though none suffer by it or are apprehensive of danger, its credit being good, yet if the whole demands were made or demands greater than the remaining money, they could not all be satisfied till the Bank had called in what sums were lent.

Twenty years later, the favour of the Regent enabled him to put his ideas into practice by setting up a bank of issue in France. The initial resistance to such a strange novelty as paper money was overcome by making the notes acceptable for tax payments, and the bank was established so successfully that the Regent converted it into a State institution with Law as Director. After founding the bank, Law promoted the great Mississippi Company to develop the French territories in America. Introducing another novelty, dealings in futures, Law gave an initial boost to the company's shares, which led to a frantic bull market, comparable within the limits of the age, to Wall Street in 1929.

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this time 500-livres shares were selling for 18,000 livres, and the more judicious speculators came to the opinion that it was time to get out. The bull market broke, and panic succeeded.

At this point Law made a fatal mistake. Instead of leaving the speculators to their fate he supported the market, buying shares at a fixed price and printing notes to pay for them. The only result was to ruin confidence in both, and to bring disgrace and exile on Law himself. It is a popular error, however, to suppose that Law's operations caused an inflation. Mr. Hyde finds no indication of any great rise in commodity prices, though the "flight into real values" when the boom broke drove up the prices of jewels, pictures and even dictionaries. While the boom lasted there was real prosperity as well as paper gains, for the extravagances of lucky "Mississippians," called latent productive capacity into use, while the credit facilities provided by the bank and the lightening of taxation set genuine investment on foot.

Law refrained from salting down a fortune for himself when he could easily have done so, and the end of his life was spent wandering in poverty (mitigated once more by successful gambling) and disillusionment. He never entirely lost faith in his "system," and believed that history would in the end vindicate his notions, as indeed it has. Mr. Montgomery Hyde is anxious to prove that Law was no mere charlatan, but he is not chiefly concerned with the economics of the business. He has a dramatic human story to tell, and a rattling tale he makes of it, though with no sacrifice of accuracy to effect; the crowded background, full of intrigue, murder and scandal is deftly touched in, and the book is eminently successful in combining entertainment with instruction.

JOAN ROBINSON

## THE METAPHYSICALS

**Seventeenth Century Poetry.** An Anthology: Chosen by JOHN HAYWARD. *Chatto and Windus.* 6s.

This anthology is not primarily intended to reflect the editor's personal taste, but to be a representative selection of the best poems of the seventeenth century. Yet any selection must reflect a point of view. Mr. Hayward, it seems to me, understands poetry above all as a mode of thought and a mode which he respects. He sees a poem from both sides, not as a finished product only, but at the same time in relation to the complex of causes from which it originates. In holding the balance between satire and lyric, devotional and profane verse, Mr. Hayward has always in mind, one feels, the political, religious and intellectual background to which the poet is responding.

The seventeenth century was, Mr. Hayward reminds us, a period of fundamental revaluation.

> The old order, whose values and beliefs had survived almost unchallenged since the middle ages, was yielding place to a dispensation in which man's place in the universe as well as in society had to be reinterpreted and reorientated in terms of the new scientific rationalism.

Doubtless this is the secret of the peculiar attraction of the seventeenth century for us. It is not at all times that poets feel intellectual honesty to be a point at issue. But the tension between intellect and emotion, and intellect and intuition, is characteristic alike of the metaphysical school and of certain of our contemporary poets, like Empson, Auden or Gascoyne, who are vitally concerned with putting old attitudes to the test of new knowledge.

The volume opens with Donne, in whom the civil war in the soul virtually began; and ends with Rochester, who had lost faith in the issues at stake, and in the power of the reason to cope with the problems with which it had been burdened. His *Satire Against Mankind*, with which the volume closes, reveals Rochester as a man of deep and serious intelligence, who looks beyond the Augustan age, to Blake's and Coleridge's reaction against rationalism a century later.

One might say that the metaphysical conflict arises out of a fallacy. Reason had never before been called upon to prove or disprove truths of the imagination, whose validity as a mode of knowledge, and indeed of belief, had never been questioned. The poised beauty of Ben Jonson's lyrics is still akin to the poetry of Shakespeare and Spenser, whose imaginative perceptions were unimpeded by rational doubt. But in the rapid lines of Donne and Marvell there is a sense of terrible urgency, of the need to hold love and death at bay by outwitting them with the pseudo-syllogisms of their poetic logic. The unconscious can now only smuggle its images past the censor into consciousness if they carry a rational visa; hence the characteristic metaphysical images, so pre-eminently adapted to an amphibious existence between the rational and the irrational parts of the mind. Hence, too, the conceit; the scientific imagery of vibrating lute-strings, shadows, poles and hemispheres; the realistic detail with which myths are insisted upon as concrete fact. The play that Donne, Habington, Marvell and Lord Herbert of Cherbury make with such imagery gives us the same kind of pleasure that today we find in rationalising the imagery of dreams.

There is something heroic in Donne's attempt to reconcile intellectual honestry with a faith based on the new tenets. The religious myths that the mistaken zeal of the reformation and counter-reformation sought to impose as facts, of the same order as the new sciences, could clearly not be squared with material reality. Donne's passionate affirmations are wrested like brands from the burning of intellectual untenability. At the round earth's imagined corners, angels blow their trumpets to arouse the real dead; and the image fuses, for the space of that superb sonnet, incompatible verities of myth and matter.

Herbert's more conventional devoutness will not bear close intellectual scrutiny, but the evident emotional truthfulness of his finest poems, besides his inimitable handling of cumulative sequences of images in poems like *The Collar*, or *Love II*, redeem him from the imputation of smugness. Crashaw, in a style characteristic of the counter-reformation but unique in English poetry attempts in his finest and most characteristic poems, like the *Hymn to St. Teresa*, to force intellectual acquiescence by emotional excess. His devotional poems are apt to give one a crick in the neck as do so many paintings of Baroque Assumptions on gilded ceilings; we relax, with relief, into Lovelace's frivolity—sincere, at all events—or turn to the cool satire of *Hudibras*. Only Marvell, besides Donne, seems to me to succeed more than momentarily in fusing, within the conventions of the style, intellectual and imaginative truth. And occasionally, as in D'Avenant's beautiful poem *To a Mistress Dying*, the incompatible truths of love and reason are held, unresolved, in Yeats-like equipoise.

With Vaughan and Traherne, the metaphysical tension is momentarily resolved into mystical certitude that transcends argument. The opening seven lines of Vaughan's *The World* contain the familiar images of the ring, the dial, time, shadows and spheres; but his eternity is a vision, not a hypothesis. At the point of visionary incandescence Vaughan and Traherne are unsurpassed, but when they write of life within its normal dimensions, both are inclined to be flat. It remained for Dryden to construct for normal human bewilderment his inimitable shell of style. There is something almost wistful in Dryden's return to the average secular attitudes to love, death and history.

The number of great poems in the language, even of perfect small poems, is not, after all,


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very great. Mr. Hayward has not excluded Donne's *Ecstasy, Lycidas*, Marvell's *Garden* and *To his Coy Mistress*, just because they are well known. Only Dryden is not represented by his best known and perhaps finest non-satirical poem, *Alexander's Feast*, doubtless because Mr. Hayward has rightly decided to give the space rather to Dryden's satirical verse, including the whole of *Mac Flecknoe*. Milton is represented by *Lycidas*, three sonnets, Comus' well-known speech, thirteen passages from *Paradise Lost* and two from *Samson Agonistes*. Among his contemporaries, he towers like a mountain, unequalled not only in stature, but in the artifice of his verse. The dimension of an anthology will not contain him, and *Paradise Lost* seems always breaking beyond the restrictions of the extracts given. *Lycidas* is, I suppose, the finest short poem in the language; only flawed by the note of pamphleteering that recalls the violence of those forgotten political and religious conflicts that were the expression in history of the deeper conflict within the soul.

Only pedantry will deplore the omission of Barnefield, John and Giles Fletcher, Cleveland, and that dullest of all poets, William Browne; or of that attractive figure but unreadable poet Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist. I myself would have liked to find Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *Sonnet to Black Itself*, Cleland's *Hallo My Fancy*, and the whole, not only an extract, from Traherne's *Salutation*. But among the minor poems readers will find many unfamiliar treasures, like John Hall's *Of Beauty*, *The Chamber* by William Hammond, Lovelace's *The Fair Beggar*, that expresses the licentious mood at its most beautifully imaginative; Charles Cotton's attractive poem to his friend Izaak Walton which far better expresses the mood of rural escapism than Walton's better-known poem *The Angler's Wish*. Edward Benlowes, whom many readers will know, if at all, only through Pope's condemnation of him, emerges as a poet of rare and Blake-like imagination. His image of

> . . . the rare
> Industrious spinsters who with fair
> Embroid'ries checker-work the chambers of the air

is haunting in its beauty.

It is, above all, encouraging, at the distance of three centuries, to see how completely creeds and parties that, at the time, must have seemed to be insurmountable obstacles, or solid props to faith, have crumbled to dust; and that what is permanent is, in fact, what must then, as now, have seemed least so, the transient illuminations of the poetic genius. KATHLEEN RAINE

**Further Education.** Vol. 2, No. 1. June-August, 1948.

In its new format this is a useful and intellectually lively quarterly; the articles are designed to a general plan summarised in a pithy editorial: they combine to attack "social rigidity" and to apply to adult education, in its broadest sense, the qualities of initiative and improvisation. The main article, by Mr. John Armitage, surveys the plans made by various county authorities to implement the adult education clauses of the Act of 1944. These plans are ambitious and healthy; some, notably that of Somerset which is described in detail, are really exciting. Unhappily, they are drawn in the air, for the Ministry has encouraged the drawing up of limitless ultimate plans in the absence of the necessary bricks and mortar to realise the most modest of plans already made. The editor strikes a worried note when he asks, "Hasn't the attention of the public been diverted from education by the drum-beats of the economists?"

Of the other articles, the most engaging is by A. E. Austin, on the study of languages. He administers a well-timed rebuke to the "let's-speak-French" school who have succeeded the grammarians but bore the students almost as much; Mr. Austin suggests teaching by playing Housey-Housey and Twenty Questions. C. H. Rolph is thought-provoking on the education of prisoners, and Margery Lancaster informative on the results of traditional education. John Middleton Murry also writes in this issue.

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 961

**Set by Sebastian**

In another part of this issue *Through the Looking Glass* is treated as a prophetic work. Competitors are invited to treat in a similar manner, from a philosophic, political, or psychological point of view any portions of one of the following: *Peter Pan, The Ancient Mariner, Pygmalion*. Limit 250 words. Entries by July 27.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 958

**Set by Richard Lister**

Mr. Herbert Morrison was recently invited to address the Young Conservatives. This courteous democratic procedure might well be extended to other walks of life, and competitors are invited to compose the first 200 words of an after-dinner speech by one of the following: Picasso as a guest of the Royal Academy; a bicyclist as the guest of the R.A.C.; Mr. Bernard Shaw as the guest of the Butchers' Federation; a film producer as the guest of the Historical Association; an M.F.H. as the guest of the N.S.P.C.A.

**Report by Richard Lister**

Some measure of courtesy is surely demanded from a guest. Urbanity, not untinged with a gentle irony, was the note I expected to hear sounded in these circumstances; but it was far to seek. Masters of Fox Hounds are, in my experience, quite as well mannered as a group as the average reader of the NEW STATESMAN (but the word "fox" still has a surprisingly low combustion point for many on the Left). And are film directors universal oafs? And is bicycling confined to the odiously ill-mannered? So one would almost suppose from reading the large entry to this competition; and, like international relations, it was dominated and ruined by the stock figure stuffed with its opponents' prejudices. For this reason the best entries were the parodies of Mr. Shaw; everyone who tried him caught some reflection of that large piece of indubitable real life.

Among the runners up were L.E.J. on Picasso; P. Gorham's cyclist; F.M.A., F. E. Loewenstein and T. E. Paton on Mr. Shaw. A first prize of three guineas goes to Allan M. Laing, a second of two guineas to R. J. P. Hewison and a half guinea each to Fergie and to Pibwob, the only two non-Shaw who approached the right note.

**Mr. Bernard Shaw Addresses the Butchers' Federation.**

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

I feel sure that you are not prepared to take me seriously. That will be your first mistake. I have no doubt at all that you expect me to be extremely rude to you—in, of course, my characteristically charming manner. That will be your second mistake. Why on earth should I be rude to an assembly of eminently respectable citizens who might easily be mistaken for a meeting of the British Medical Association (another branch, gentlemen, of your own profession) or a Royal Academy banquet? Frankly, Mr. Chairman, I am disappointed. I counted on a gathering of red-faced, large tusked carnivores, who would gnaw savagely at hunks of burnt corpse with the wild enthusiasm of half-starved cave-dwellers. What I actually see is a good average collection of the pinko-grey race, with nice table manners, toying genteelly with potatoes and cabbage and a negligible ounce or two of disguised mammal. Gentlemen, I simply cannot see you in blue-and-white aprons, with steel and cleaver, committing posthumous mayhem on the cadavers of innocent sheep and cows. In fact, if you had just a little more colour in your faces, I should confidently assume that I was addressing the Society of Vegetarians . . . ALLAN M. LAING

My Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, Butchers:

I find myself for once at a disadvantage—of having the advantage. My brain is not fuddled with alcohol, nor my stomach clogged with decaying flesh. Yet the glow of postprandial contentment, which alone enables you to hear me patiently, also ensures your missing the point of what little you remember.

I have no illusion why I am here. As a vegetarian I am in England almost unique. As playwright and philosopher—there is no almost about it at all. Since you've never seen my plays, and my regimen counters your vested interests, I deduce I am invited to insult you. I readily thus requite hospitality I couldn't accept in the form offered, and you couldn't offer in the only form acceptable.

The late Adolf Hitler—no less underrated now as a statesman than formerly as a tyrant—would have disapproved of this repast, even before Germans must forgo butter for guns. Yet did our capitalist press abuse him as rabid teetotaller or bigoted vegetarian? No: they called him butcher. When seeking words for the bloody confusion his thugs had made of Guernica or Rotterdam, they chose shambles. And what else is an abattoir, however hygienic?

R. J. P. HEWISON

Picasso to the Royal Academy.

First I explain modern art. It very interesting.

Tertullian he say, Credo quia impossibile. Wait, I explain.

First we begin like you, draw nice pictures. Nobody is noticing. Is very disappointing.

Then we draw bad pictures. People are noticing. We say to each other, how beautiful, how beautiful. It is somewhat impossible they are beautiful: people are somewhat believing, but wait.

Then we make some sales for big money. Is getting more impossible, people are more believing. But wait.

Dealers put modern paintings in collections along with old masters. A man even puts some in the Louvre* (he gets 18 months, but wait) more things happen. A dealer puts a book about me in his window, next to books about Corot and Fragonard. People say, he no paint like Corot—maybe Corot no can paint. Is getting very impossible, they are getting very believing.

Then we go big, same as Hitler, We say old masters no good, Salon no good, you no good, good pictures bad, bad pictures good.

It is *absolutely* impossible. People are *absolutely* believing. They say, it is great art. FERGIE

*Affaire Armand, 1929.

Film Producer to Historical Association.

Gentlemen,

In inviting me to address you tonight, you are not merely—if I may use that word—not merely writing history, you are making it. I do not suggest that the historian's task is easier than that of his subjects; quite the reverse. Nearly every one who has made history has excelled in the art of lying, the easiest of all the arts until the advent of Modernism, in fact so easy that, in this respect, great men are born not made. But the historian's object is to get at the truth, infinitely more difficult. One might almost suggest that it is impossible, since each of you who has conducted research work has discovered in his predecessors errors that amount to distortions of the truth, and doubtless similarly his successors—but as I was saying your task is to discover and record the truth.

Now truth is proverbially stranger than fiction; and certainly historians have recorded some very strange doings. It is for this reason that those in my business—I must not here call it an art—are obliged to tone down some of the facts that you record.

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### Appointments Vacant

*None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.*

CANTERBURY Univ. College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applics. invited to fill the Chair of English at Canterbury Univ. College (Univ. of New Zealand). Sal. £1,225 p.a. (N.Z. currency). Conditions of appointment and information as to method of application obtainable from Secy., Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 8 Park St. London, W.1. Applics. close with the undersigned on Sept. 15, 1948, and with Secy. of Universities Bureau on Aug. 15, 1948. C. C. Kemp, Registrar.

CANBERRA Univ. College. Applics. invited for a Lecturer in Philosophy. Salary £600–£800 (Australian) p.a., plus cost of living allowance. Allowance is made for travelling exps. Further partics. and information as to method of application obtainable from Secy., Universities Bureau of British Empire, 8 Park St. London, W.1. Closing date for receipt of applics. is Aug. 2, 1948.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Programme Assistant in the School Broadcasting Dept. Broadly speaking, duties will comprise the preparation and production for the microphone of educational programmes for school's, some of which will initially be in the fields of social studies and citizenship. Candidates should have an interest in writing for radio and pref. possess a degree or similar qualifics. and have had teaching or other educ. exp. Pref. given to those of wide general culture. Pending settlement of Corporation's post-war Establishment now proceeding the post will be non-estab. on a consolidated sal. scale rising by annual increments of £40 to a maximum of £800 p.a. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, tog. with further details of post and information on superann. position of teachers serving with B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1., on receipt of a s.a.e. Closing date for receipt of completed applic. forms is August 28. Envelopes should be marked "School Programme Assistant, N. Stm."

COUNTY Borough of Southampton—Health Dept. Appointment of Psychologist, Child Guidance Clinic. Applics. invited from qualified Psychologists for above appointment. Salary and conditions of service will be in accordance with National Joint Council recommendation; £635 rising by annual increments of £25 to £710 p.a. Applic. forms from H. A. Maurice Williams, Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton, and should be returned by August 14.

L.C.C. Avery Hill Training College, Eltham Hill, S.E.9. Applics. invited for post of lecturer (woman) in physical education. Duties to commence in Sept., 1948, if possible, otherwise Jan., 1949. If suitably qualified the person appointed will assist with advanced as well as ordinary courses. Diploma of recognised college of physical education and teaching exp. essential. Sal. in accordance with revised scale for Training Colleges. Applics. (no forms reqd.) to Principal at College. (1531.)

L.C.C. invites applics. for appointment of six Housemasters. Two will be appointed for duty at each of three approved schools for boys, namely, Ardale School, nr. Grays, Essex; Mayford School, nr. Woking, Surrey; and Mile Oak School, Portslade, Sussex. Housemasters will organise out of school activities; will be responsible for a group of boys; and will assist with the court work and recovery of absconders. Appointments are subject to approval of the Home Office and candidates (1) should have considerable exp. of work with boys; or (2) should have been approved by Home Office for appointment as Housemasters; (3) should hold an approved social science diploma. Positions are all resident and single quarters only are available. Home Office scale of sal., i.e., £305 to £570 a year, varying according to age and exp. A charge of £78 a year is made for board, lodging and laundry. Applic. forms and further details from Educ. Officer (Estab. 6D/87), The County Hall, S.E.1. S.a. foolscap env. should be enclosed for reply. (1529.)

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of resident Assistant Mistress for Wanstead House Residential School for delicate boys (younger primary age), Margate. Qualifics. in music, handwork and nature study desirable. Salary—Burnham scale plus two increments carried beyond the maximum. Emoluments of board, lodging and washing in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hours and at week-ends. Applic. forms (s. add'd. env. necessary) from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by July 31. Canvassing disqualifies. (1562.)

L.C.C. Reqd. at Furzedown Training College, Welham Rd. S.W.17, an Assistant Domestic Bursar (woman) to work mainly in the College Sanatorium, where there is also a qualified Sister and to give some relief in the College Hostels. Training in domestic science or institutional management and ability to help with light nursing is desirable. Salary £210, rising by annual increments of £15 to £255 p.a., plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Apply in writing to Acting Principal at College, stating age, qualifics. and exp., and enclosing copies of recent testimonials. (1515.)

INDUSTRIAL Psychologist (female) reqd. for Personnel Dept. of large light engineering organisation. Applicants must possess a University Degree which includes Psychology and Statistics and while workshop exp. is an advantage, training will be given in this sphere. Apply in first instance for form of applic. to Employment Supervisor, Hoover, Ltd., Perivale, Greenford, Middx.

### Appointments Vacant—continued

BELFAST. The Queen's University. Lectureship in Law. Salary is £625 by £25 to £800, with contributory pension under the Federated Superannuation System of Universities; initial placing on the sal. scale depending on qualifics. and exp. Applics. by September 7, 1948, stating subjects in which candidates specialise. Partics. from G. R. Cowie, Secretary.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of qualified Assistant Mistress (resident) at North House School for Blind, 49 Princes Way, Wimbledon, S.W.19. Previous exp. with the blind not essential. Candidates not holding Diploma of College of Teachers of the Blind will be reqd. to obtain it within three years of date of appointment. Teaching will be with children aged 6-8 yrs. Ability to play piano and teach junior handwork and P.T. is desirable. Burnham Scale salary with two additional increments throughout the scale carried beyond the max., plus a further additional increment for holders of the Diploma of the College of Teachers of the Blind. Emoluments of board, lodging and washing, in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hrs. and at week-ends. Forms of applic. from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. nec.), returnable by July 31. Canvassing disqualifies.

APPLICS. invited from men grads., not over 40, to act as deputy to Director of Educ. Duties to include occasional lecturing and such administrative functions as the organisation of an educ. society and a film library service. Salary £500×£50—£750, with superann. Applics., stating age, qualifics., and refs. to Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, 18/20, Regent St. London, S.W.1, by July 31.

CITY of Leicester. Museum and Art Gallery. Keeper of Antiquities. Applics. invited for appointment as Keeper of Antiquities. Candidates must be graduates with special knowl. of some branch of British archaeology. Exp. of museum work is essential, and possession of the Diploma of the Museums Association will be considered an additional qualific. Sal. will be in accordance with the N.J.C. scale, A.P.T. Grades IV.VI (£480–£660). Further partics. from M. B. Hodge, Director, Museum and Art Gallery, New Walk, Leicester, on receipt of s.a.e. Applics. to be received by first post Mon., Aug. 30.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Tutor in Social Studies. Sal. according to qualifics. and exp., but not exceeding £475 p.a., with membership of F.S.S.U. Further partics. from Registrar, to whom applics. to be sent by July 29.

WORKERS' Educational Assoc. (West of Scotland Dist.). Applics. invited before July 24 for post of District Secretary. Qualifics. to include knowl. of W.E.A.; exp. of working class and voluntary organisations; & organising & admin. exp. Sal. £500–£25—£600. Further partics. W.E.A., 177 Hill St. Glasgow, C.3.

ELLERSLIE Hall Approved School, 3 Cavendish Rd. Leeds, 1. Applics. invited for position of: (A) Housemistress to act as Deputy Headmistress, 20 Senior Girls of high intelligence (ages 15 to 17 on admission). Salary if possessing a recog. qualific., e.g. Social Science Dipl. Commencing sal. according to age £390 to £385 p.a., with an ultimate maximum of £460 plus £40 responsibility payment. If not holding a qualific. £290 p.a., rising by annual increments to £325. In both cases salary is less £78 board and residence. (B) Housemistress. Applics. should be interested in Social Work and particularly in the problem of the adolescent girl. Selected applicants will be expected to give assistance generally in training of the girls, supervision of domestic duties and school work, character training, organisation of out of school activities and recreation. Handwork and music an advantage. Salary as in case "A" above but without responsibility payment.

BERKS Education Ctee. Instructors for Day Release Courses: Applics. invited for two visiting instructors in (a) Building subjects, and (b) English, for Day Release Courses (for students aged 15-18) in centres in the County. Some teaching in schools may also be reqd. Salary: Burnham Technical Scale for Assistants, plus subsistence and travelling. Applics., giving details of age, qualific. exp., and names of 2 refs., to be sent by July 31, to W. F. Herbert, Director of Educ., Shire Hall, Reading.

PERSONNEL Assistant (male) with training in Personnel Management and some practical exp., preferably in the engineering industry, reqd. by Hoover, Ltd., Perivale, Greenford, Middx. Applicants should write to Employment Supervisor for further partics. and a form of application.

BURSAR. A College-trained and expd. Bursar is reqd. for St. Catherine's, Cumberland Lodge, The Great Park, Windsor. The Bursar will be responsible for general domestic admin. and catering. Sal. £400 p.a. resident. Full partics. on applic. to Hon. Warden.

NATIONAL Foundation for Educational Research in England and Wales, 79 Wimpole St. W.1. Expd. shorthand-typist, good knowledge general office routine, capable of supervising staff. Commencing salary £340 per annum. Apply to the Director (Welbeck 1128).

YOUNG Editor reqd. for monthly publication with Labour and Co-operative interests. Must have sound knowledge of make-up and feature writing. State sal. reqd. Box 4519.

PROGRESSIVE social service body desires really first-class shorthand typist. None need apply who thinks social service easier than commerce. State exp. and sal. reqd. E.I.B.A., 32 Old Burlington St. W.1.

UNIVERSITY College, London. A Resident Cook-housekeeper for a hostel for forty women students will be reqd. from Sept. 1. Partics. of post from Secretary, University College, London, W.C.1.

MATRON, Cook, 2 Asst. Masters reqd. St. Catherine's, Almondsbury, Bristol.

### Appointments Vacant—continued

SOCIAL Educ. Is it your concern? Barns Hostel School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire, a Rec. Resid. Special School for difficult boys, urgently needs a qualified teacher for General Subs. with Arts and Crafts this Sept. Teviot scale plus full board. Apply Headmaster.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby (100 boys and girls, boarding) reqs. (a) English Teacher for lower forms or Higher Certificate work, (b) Teacher to take charge of Junior dept. (8-11). Help with P.T. or Music welcome. Unusual opportunities for freedom and initiative, lively and interesting pupils. Apply Kenneth Barnes, B.Sc.

SHERWOOD (Community—Co-educational) School, Epsom (9619), reqs. in Sept. Teacher for Handwork all ages (possibly Netball), also evening occupations at boarding hostel.

WANTED in September, teacher for four 14-year-old girls in small school near St. Albans, also Cook-housekeeper. Posts suitable for mothers with child over five. Box 4157.

WANTED for September: Teacher interested in progressive education 6/7 yr. group; also maintenance and estate worker. Suit married couple. Children of school age welcome. Box 4483.

REQD. in Sept. for Girls' School of 130 pupils, resident fully trained Gymnastics and Games Mistress. Lacrosse essential, salary Burnham scale. Superann. Applics. to Principal, Southlands, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

WANTED immediately expd. bookseller to take charge of newly developed book dept. and library in N. London Dept. Store. Excellent opportunity with good prospects for keen young man or woman possessing initiative and ability. Commencing sal. £6 p.w. Apply in first instance, giving full partics. of age, exp., etc., to Staff Manager, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., 54, Maryland St. Stratford, E.15.

ASSISTANT Matron wanted, with some nursing exp., for senior house Boys Preparatory school. Good needlewoman essential. Apply with refs. to Secy., Wester Elchies School, Aberlour House, Aberlour, Banffs.

NATIONAL Newspaper requires Assistant (woman) with knowledge of social services for department dealing with readers' queries. Box 4668.

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EXPD. single man, young, desires school or private secretaryship. Box 3639.

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YOUNG woman Editorial Assist. mthly. magazine, fully expd. all editorial work, seeks post. Present employment shortly terminating because of paper position. Fluent German, working kndge. French. Box 3736.

SECRETARIAL post London sought by woman grad., 24, mod. langs., shthd. typing, interested literature and arts. Box 3767.

AUSTRALIAN, general trained nurse plus secretarial exp., now in Scotland, desires post in school—asst. matron or sec. typist. Miss K. Green, 50 Manor Place, Edinburgh.

YOUNG lady seeks congenial post. Will go anywhere, exp. nursing, typing, reception. Box 3797.

YOUNG man with ideas and initiative reqs. job, pref. incl. travel. Aged 23, ex-navy. Public sch. Good lit. background. Box 3932.

SECRETARY Accountant (50), 30 years' experience, desires change. Box 3934.

WOMAN, good education, all-round exp. incl. journalism and publishing, desires post as personal secretary to writer. Competent stenographer. Miss Winn Stephens, 16 Scarsdale Villas, W.8. Western 6113.

AN expd. organiser, lecturer and journalist (N.U.J.), twice Parl. Labour candidate, ex-naval officer, 45, shs. post. Exempt. Wid. be of particular value to new society or one in need of reorganisation. Will welcome any practical proposal. Write in confidence, Box 3827.

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### Appointments Wanted—continued

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OXFORD graduate, trained secretary, competent housekeeper & cook, requires post London area where some afternoons can be free. Evening work offered in lieu. Accommodation appreciated. Box 3926.

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